Has a Man the Right to Starve to Death? See page 217

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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A SUMMER SIBYL

BY S. JEAN WALKER

O daisy, white-lipped daisy,
  You pose as sibyl old;
I pluck your fairy petals
  From round your heart of gold.

O daisy, love-wise daisy,
  I pray you may speak true;
I fain would learn the secret
  Of which you have the clue.

O daisy, delphic daisy,
  What may your tale imply?
You said at first he loved me;
  You now that truth deny.

O daisy, prophet daisy!
  I shall no longer sue,
My heart has clearer vision,
  False oracle, than you!

W. H. Drummond

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII. LONDON, JULY, 1910 NUMBER 3

TRANSPORTATION AS IT USED TO BE IN CUBA

CUBA AND VAN HORNE

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN

Author of "Behind the Scenes," "The Pioneer," etc.

IT'S AN old jest that you must put a cyclometer on Latin America to discover how many revolutions it makes a minute, but in 1900-1902 Cuba experienced a beneficent revolution which continues to the present day—a revolution in transportation for which Sir William Van Horne was responsible.

Twelve years ago, the Jewel of the Caribbean lay among her creaming surf, 45,881 square miles of lazy summer-and-sun, untrammelled by spikes and steel, with the exception of one or two short lines, uncrossed by rights of way, unfenced except by rank vines scrambling from tree to tree, and wallowing in a heaven of manaña.

Manaña—to-morrow—was the answer to everything Cuban. Time was nothing; life was a glorious vista of sunny days in some vague one of which the thing in question might conceivably be accomplished—manaña, to-morrow. The bright lexicon of Cuba was undisfigured by any such annoying associations as "to-day" and "work".

There was some reason for this, of course. Under Spanish rule, it was useless for the peasant to labor for more than a bare existence; all extras were snapped up by taxes and overlords. Moreover, the Spanish-American war had just ended a long period of oppression, and the country lay inert, like a man after a punishing fight, gasping for breath. Further than this, there was a centuries-old

THE PATIO OF A CUBAN HOME
There are no more beautiful women in any part of the world than the Cuban belles

habit of Spanish leisure. In fact, nobody cared much whether school kept or not.

Under the Spanish regime in Cuba travelling was a serious business. Does Don José Miguél Fernández Filipe Sebastian y Heréra desire to go anywhere? That, look you, is a matter for thought. He discusses it gravely with his family and friends for a week or so, over coffee and cigarettes. Perhaps at the end of that time, he does not feel that there is need for instant haste, and loafs over more cigarettes and fresh coffee for another ten days.

At last, summoning up his energies, he languidly sends for Pédro, and requests that the conveyance be made ready.

In a reasonable Spanish time (which anywhere else would be an outrageously unreasonable one) Pédro returns. The volanta-wagon is minus a wheel! Que calamidad! What misfortune! Car-r-ramba! Likewise Voto á Dios! It is to repair it. Exit Pédro.

Business of interval, and more cigarettes. Re-enter Pédro. The volanta-wagon is repaired, but he is desolated to inform the señor that the off mare is ill. Ah, child of a pig that she is to fall ill on this most auspicious day of days! But, Santissima Marîa,—with an outward gesture of the hands that casts Pédro a passive wreck at the señor's illustrious feet—the fact remains that the off mare cannot stand up. More impassioned Spanish, and another interval.

Eventually on some one of those vista to-morrows, the volanta-wagon is at last ready. Don José Miguél Fernández Filipe Sebastian y Heréra deposits himself and all his names in the creaky, wooden-wheeled contraption—and spends heaven only knows how many days of hay-foot straw-foot travel in reaching anywhere.

But it is so seldom that one wants to reach anywhere that what does it matter? Except Englishmen and Americans, who are always wanting some mad thing. It is much better to remain in the cool patio and smoke cigarettes.

So much for the Spanish point of view. But it didn't count on Sir William Van Horne.

By rights, Sir William in 1900 was a man whose work was done. That year he resigned from the active presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with a lifetime of labor behind him of which any man might be proud. The public expected that he would realize his position and settle down to the easy-chair by the fire and the place out of draughts on the sunniest corner of the piazza. His family and friends beamed, though rather cautiously, and said, "Well, perhaps we'll see a little of him, now."

But a "lean and slippered pantaloon" existence didn't strike Sir William's fancy at all. He had no sooner resigned from the Canadian Pacific than he plunged head-foremost into railway construction once more, picking out, at a time when even the most venturesome would have hesitated, a foreign

A TYPICAL CUBAN COUNTRY HOME

In the garden of this country "Villa Mica" a wilderness of multi-colored tropical roses run riot at certain seasons of the year, and fill the atmosphere with bewildering perfume. Every kind of southern fruit is found in profusion—but because a leper once lived within it, the "A Louer" (to let) sign continues on its front gate.

country heavily forested, overgrown with tropical vegetation, and just recovering from a period of strife and oppression.

In short, he chose Cuba, the little ex-Spanish island which, wounded and bleeding, had just emerged successfully with the help of the United States from the throes of many years' internal rebellion and recent acute colic; and for the moment of action, a time when the government of that island was not even permanent; when an interventory power held the reins of administration; when the future of Cuba as a self-governing power was, in the eyes of the world, extremely problematical; and lastly, when under a resolution proposed by Senator Foraker, and approved by the United States Senate, no concessions of any kind were to be granted during the intervention of that government, the length of whose administration, though unforeseen, was commonly supposed to be limited to such time as the island was educated to self-government.

Then it was that Sir William formed the Cuba Company, one of whose projects was the construction and operation of a standard gauge trunk railroad, now known as the Cuba Railroad, which, commencing at the eastern terminus of the existing railroad at a point called Santa Clara, in the western center of the island, would pierce the heart of the central and eastern portions of the republic, and bring Havana and Santiago into direct touch. The existing railroads extended eastward from the capital some 225 miles, leaving approximately some 315 miles to construct in order to effect the junction of these two cities.

CONGO CHARLIE, THE RAT CATCHER
Semi-ready tailoring in the tropics

Had Spain built such a railway, doubtless Cuba never would have been free. Had the east and the west been brought into close communication, enabling the rapid transportation of large bodies of troops, Cuba's chances of ultimately freeing herself from the heavy yoke of Spanish rule would have been practically eliminated. As under the "Foraker Resolution" no concession was obtainable, expropriation proceedings could not be resorted to, thus limiting the only means of securing right-of-way to dickering with

the owners of the land. Accordingly, locating engineers, accompanied by experienced right-of-way agents, were sent into the interior to work along these lines, and a sweet time they had of it.

DUMP CARTS, LAID UP DURING THE RAINY SEASON. NOTE THE MUD ON THE WHEELS

THE SCRAPER GANG AT WORK ON THE SAVANNAS

To deal with an educated community appreciating the possibilities of a railway, is one thing; and to tackle an ignorant, suspicious, foreign public, governed by tradition and still wearing the swords of their great-grandfathers is quite another. "Cuba libre" was not altogether the cry of "Cuba forward." Long an bitter experience of Spain had taught the Cubans the danger of being too closely in touch with the outside world, and they looked askance on all foreign projects.

"We have had enough of your devil-schemes," said they. "Leave us alone."

"My grandfather of sacred memory made his journeys on horseback or by ox-team, or stayed at home," said another. "That is still good enough for me. Why should I sell my patrimony to your accursed railroad?"

Socially, they were all courtesy; they put up the right-of-way agent, and gave him chicken and rice redhot with pepper, and delicious coffee, black and strong, but they wouldn't talk business; and on the third or fourth day the agent generally went out behind the cafetal and swore aloud.

However, the right-of-way was secured in bits, often at considerable cost. Here and there were pieces that couldn't be gotten for love or money, and the Compañia de Cuba let them go, for the time. The old Sabanilla & Morôtto Railway, leading out through the mountains some fifty miles from Santiago and the Jucare & Morôn Railroad, from the south coast to Ciégo de Avila, about the center of the island, were secured, and bases of construction established at both ends, and at the center of the

AMERICAN MULES IMPORTED FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES TO DO THE HEAVY WORK

FRANK P. BROTHERS, MANAGER OF CONSTRUCTION, AND STAFF WATCHING ALCALDE MACHADO, OF SANTA CLARA, TURN THE FIRST SOD OF THE VAN HORNE RAILROAD IN OCTOBER, 1900

Mr. Brothers was well known in railroad construction in Canada, Jamaica and the West Indies. In the early days he had charge of the building of the C. & E. Railroad, etc. Two months after this first sod was turned on the railway, Mr. Brothers passed away at Ciego de Avila, after a short, severe attack of tropical fever, and the road lost a competent, energetic and well-beloved general.

DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

Within two years from the turning of the first sod, the last spike, forming the junction of the railroad, was driven at six o'clock one morning about twenty miles east of the town of Placetas.

GROUP OF CUBA RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION OFFICIALS WITH THEIR CUBAN FRIENDS IN THE CASINO CAMPESTRA, CAMAGUEY. AMONG THEM IS MR. D. A. GALDOS, NOW GENERAL MANAGER OF THE COMPANY, AND H. B. SNIDER, SUPERINTENDENT

proposed line. All government properties, public roads and highways and lands through which permission to pass had been refused were skipped. Construction on the in-between patches went briskly ahead, and Sir William's men sweated and swore and pushed behind when the six-mule teams stuck in the adhesive Cuban clay. The forests melted before the machete, the vines withered, rootless, in the sun, the diamond-backed snakes hissed and slid away noiselessly to safer retreats.

Railroad building in tropical countries is no joke. Intense heat; heavy rainfall when for months at a time the world is one rank, wet, fever-breeding green sponge; the exasperating intricacies of foreign law and foreign dignity; alien speech; unstable, lazy, cigarette-smoking labor; all these make the lot of the constructing engineer in the tropics unenviable. Fever got some, dysentery took others—but the work moved, as move it must with the Anglo-Saxon behind it.

And when in 1902 Cuba, under its first president, the late Don Tomâs Estráda Pálma, was handed the reins of management, concession was applied for, was granted, and hey presto!—in a night the highways and public lands were crossed, private properties in dispute expropriated, and the road unified. Later, a considerable subsidy was voted the road by the government, and when further branches and extensions began to take definite shape, they were approved and generously aided by Congress.

In the fall of that year, in spite of cyclones, strikes, climate and revolution, the system was opened to the public with all due formality, and the gardens of Hesperides were brought several days' journey nearer home.

The West Indies, those enormous silent poems of color and light, have always had a fascination for us cold Northerners. Perhaps some time you have stood on the wharf to see the steamers loading for the south, and been thrilled by a glance from strange eyes, eyes large, dark, peculiarly luminous, set in a fruit-coloured face that speaks of the lapis lazuli seas. Only a roustabout from Cuba or Jamaica or perhaps Saint Lucia, shouldering a crate, but poignantly and keenly suggestive of sun and summer and ripe fruits. Or, born inland, never having seen the sea, you perhaps have watched an eastbound express picking up its stride out of town, and followed it to the cruel North Atlantic, and taken ship at the end of the rails, and gone south, south, south where the water changes from cold grey to shadowy green, to violet, to tinted blue, to aqua-marine and azurine and at last to deep, throbbing intense lapis unbelievable.

> And there's my love, white Nassau, girt by her creaming key,
> The Queen of the Lucayas in the blue Bahaman sea.

And then perhaps you've dreamed of the bright-clad market girls and blanchisseuses in the sun, singing "Loéma tombé", or "Marie-Clemence maudi", or that wistful, haunting little Creole air that runs:

ON THE LINE OF THE CUBA RAILROAD
Note the umbrella-like forms of the palms

To, to, to!—"Ça qui là?"
—"C'est moin-mênme, lanmou;
Ouvé lapott ba moin!"

To, to, to!—"Ça qui la?"
—"C'est moin-mênme, lanmou,
Qui ka ba ou khé moin!"

To, to, to!—"Ça qui là?"
—"C'est moin-mênme, lanmou;
Laplie ka mouillé moin!"

"To, to, to" is the sound of the lover knocking at his sweetheart's door, and roughly translated the song runs: *To, to, to*..."Who taps there?"—"'Tis mine own self, Love; open the door to me." *To, to, to*..."Who taps there?"—"'Tis mine own self, Love, who give my heart to thee." *To, to, to*!..."Who taps there?"—"'Tis mine own self, Love; open thy door to me; the rain falls upon me." Slight and frail enough, but hauntingly sweet to us who labor and do not sing. Indeed there is a lure of the tropics that is hard to throw off, once you have fallen under its spell.

Sir William's Cuba Railroad has brought these Hesperides islands much nearer to the traveler, for taking this cross-Cuba route in connection with the new Flagler ocean all-rail route from Miami, Florida, across the keys, which brings Havana within six hours of the United States by steamer from Knight's Key, the tourist who loves not ocean travel may now practically reach that delightful winter resort, the island of Jamaica, by rail. From Santiago to Port Antonio, or Kingston, Jamaica, a distance of approximately one hundred miles, is but a matter of a few hours' travel on a powerful, modern turbine steamer such as Sir William proposes to place on that run. From Jamaica to Panama, and from there direct to New York, or across the isthmus and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco or Vancouver, is a round trip at once delightful and inexpensive.

At the commencement of operation, three days were occupied in the journey from Havana to Santiago, nights being passed at the towns of Santa Clara and Camagüey. However slow this may appear to those unfamiliar with travel in such countries, its inauguration was a stride of great progress, transportation between the two points by the then existing route occupying four days and nights on small, uncomfortable coastal steamers. Later, the running time was reduced to two days, and at present, an up-to-date passenger express, with standard sleeper and observation cars, fitted with most modern comforts and conveniences, covers the distance in less than twenty-four hours.

Besides this added convenience of transportation, the railroad hotel at Camagüey is an oasis where the traveler may rest in Northern comfort and get good things to eat, properly cooked. In this connection there is an amusing story told of Sir William.

When the typical railroad hotel at Camagüey was under construction, Sir William, with his keen eye for detail, had an idea.

"Why not fit up one of the parlors," said he, "with panellings of the beautiful native woods of the island? It seems to me that such a room would

THE MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL AT CAMAGUEY

Formerly the old Spanish barracks with an unenviable record for filth and fever, the building underwent a thorough overhauling at the hands of the American Interventory Government, and is to-day a refuge from the very filth and fever it previously bred

interest visitors greatly, and give a handsome effect."

"Fine!" said everybody, and his suggestion was carried out to the letter.

Next time he arrived in Camagüey the hotel was practically complete, and Sir William recollected his hardwood room.

"Yes, it was there," said everybody, but with a singular lack of enthusiasm.

"I should like to see it," suggested Sir William mildly.

"Certainly, oh certainly," said everybody and hastily changed the subject.

Sir William was deaf, dumb and blind to the beauty of the weather, the excellence of the service, and the sudden death of everybody's grandmother. He wanted to see that hardwood room, and with drooping ears everybody, checkmated, led him to it.

It had been panelled in all the different varieties of beautiful native hardwoods, according to schedule, from ceiling to floor. It had given a beautiful effect, as Sir William had foreseen. And then a gang of painters, putting finishing touches on halls and corridors, had wandered in, observed its paintlessness, and given it two heavy coats of ivory white.

Like the black on the darky, it wouldn't wash off, and ivory-white that parlor is to this day.

The main line of the Cuba railroad is a little over three hundred miles in length. It serves the republic's three largest provinces, which constitute about seventy-five per cent. of the total area of the island, and although they contain but fifty per cent. of the total population, they are, at the same time, the richest in natural resources in the whole island. The route traverses the heart of the island, penetrates forests of the rarest and most valuable hard woods, and crosses immense tracts of open prairie, which in the spring, is carpeted with a luxuriant growth of tall guinea grass. Occasionally may be seen as one travels, the pointed horns of sleek grazing cattle, Venezuelan, Porto Rican or Corollo. The road finally swings south, north of Santiago, and plunges down the mountain side through a bit of the most picturesque scenery to be met with outside of Switzerland or Mexico.

Along the line in the Province of Santiago, at various points the railroad trestles and bridge structures are constructed of mahogany, and many enterprising Canadian and American settlers have built themselves homes of hard woods, which elsewhere would have cost fortunes, their furniture being of mahogany, majagua or sabicu, in its natural state or hand polished. In Eastern Cuba the forests are a source of wealth hardly tapped as yet, while mineral wealth, especially iron, is undergoing rapid development on the north and south coasts at the hands of the Spanish American or Juragua Iron Companies. As in Western Canada, little towns and villages have sprung into existence almost over night

A TYPICAL STONE COBBLED STREET IN OLD-FASHIONED CAMAGUEY

The windows have no glass, but are iron-barred; while the front door is made big enough to permit the entry of the family carriage which is generally kept in the front hallway. The doors and windows were made strong with a purpose, and when revolution and stray bullets wandered down the street, as was apt to happen, each house was a stronghold in itself

while saw mills, tobacco factories and sugar houses are rapidly being erected.

From the main line, branches run north and south to the principal towns of importance, and a branch adding nearly two hundred miles to the main line, now under construction, will form a "cut-off" and reduce the running time between the capital and the Orient by two or three hours. This branch is being subsidized by the government to the extent of $8,000 for each of the approximately one hundred and eighty miles of the extension.

The Cuba Railroad is doing for Cuba what the Canadian Pacific has done for Western Canada. In place of wheat, barley and oats, there is tobacco, sugar and coffee. The tobacco production in the interior of Santa Clara province, which prior to the coming of the railroad flourished only moderately along the coast, was valued last season at over a million dollars. In 1902, at Cabaiguan, a point which to-day may be considered the center of this tobacco production, the traveller rode through only a group of deserted shacks. To-day they have electric light, churches and moving picture theatres.

The sugar mills of the eastern section of the island, twenty-seven or twenty-eight in number, produced between them last season, over a million and a half bags; the Cuba Company has, since the completion of the railroad, constructed two or three large sugar mills, which are among the most modern plantations in the republic.

THE GOLD-DUST TWINS

They were born and bred in the Oriental portion of the island, where the colored population largely predominates

Says "The Havana Post" in a recent issue: "Good, well kept highways are strong factors in promoting the prosperity of railroads, and the results obtained in this respect during the second intervention of the United States has considerably stimulated and accelerated railroad building throughout the entire island. There is every reason to believe that the extension to the Cuba Railroad's tracks will not

ONE OF THE MODERN IRON VIADUCTS ON THE LINE OF THE CUBA RAILROAD
Not only the highest bridge on the railroad, but the highest point on the right-of-way. It lies about three miles south of the inland town of Placetas

terminate with the completion of the important work now under way."

Sir William has "made good" in Cuba, as he did in Canada.

Cuba Railroad Report.

The report of the Cuba Railroad Co. for the month of September and nine months ended September 30, compares as follows:

	1908	1909
September gross	$141,227	$158,898
Expenses	81,914	102,503
September net	$ 59,313	$ 56,394
Charges	32,262	35,228
September surplus	$ 27,051	$ 21,165
Nine months' gross	$422,857	$484,536
Expense	257,102	228,030
Nine months' net	$165,755	$156,506
Charges	96,787	105,220
Nine months' surplus	$ 68,968	$ 51,286

With Sir William Van Horne's constructive genius behind it, Cuba and the West Indies cannot choose but develop, and renew something of their former commercial importance. In the meantime, those of us who want to "roll to Rio" can do so without discomfort. Certain it is that there is no fairyland in the world like the islands of the Caribbean, parrot-green with trees, white-citied, rainbow-fruited in their indolent, indigo seas. You cannot see them through another's eyes, or guess their beauty unless you

> . . . . . roll to Rio
> These wonders to behold,
> Roll down—roll down to Rio,
> Roll really down to Rio!
> Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
> Some day before I'm old.

Incidentally, Don José Miguél Fernández Filipe Sebastián y Heréra has discarded his volanta-wagon.

FIELD TWILIGHT

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

SHROUDED in crimson, the long day is dying,
Far on Lost Mountain the last fires roam;
Over the marshes the killdeers are crying,
And white on the upland the highway leads home.

Lazarus and Job

By W. D. Eaton

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

"O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
"Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die."

VIEWED broadside on, Lazarus presented an astonishing prolongation of dog, but vertically he was altogether disappointing, being squat. This implication of dachshund was offset by a poodle's head at one end, a setter's flag at the other, and an intermediary barrel suggesting Mexican seamless.

Job was rangey, stump-tailed, nosed like a stag-hound, and patched with oases of varicolored hair, separated by considerable areas of skinny desert. His brevity of body and length of leg indicated a strain of step-ladder, but this was nullified by alert activity and power of flight—though not from dogs. Singly, he might have split the air to evade uneven combat. But with Lazarus involved, he was as the old guard at Waterloo.

They loved each other with a perfect love that cast out fear from both, where either was concerned. It was a love that plumbed the depths and touched the heights, selfless and powerful enough to make a materialist ashamed to say that all must perish with the flesh.

Nobody owned them, saving as they belonged to each other. They were openly disreputable—slinkers, and snappers-up of unconsidered trifles from the floors of places where gratuitous luncheon was employed to enhance the sale of alcohol. They had an established round of such places, in and between which they were to be seen, but nowhere else. This round was eclectic. From the "don't start nothing in here" caverns up north to the reticulated glass-fronts as far south as Queen Street, they foraged, and were contemptuously tolerated.

Someone, somewhere, had taught Lazarus a stunt. When broken meats were sparse upon the floor, he would uprear his pitifully funny figure upon his brief forelegs, and walk twice his length or thereabout, to his own nasal discomfort, and then look up for reward. Job's admiration of this athletic feat never abated with its repetition. If it failed of commissarial results, he would use his right forepaw upon the indifferent audience until somebody threw them something, or somebody else kicked them out. That was their career for five or six years, in the territory they had made their own.

It must have been some decayed religionist who gave them the firm-name of Lazarus and Job. It fitted, and it stuck. In the two miles of their daily prowl, everyone knew them by it.

They were a vaudeville team in a circuit where they had prescriptive rights, and the patrons of the many houses therein knew them as such. It was good business or bad with them, according to the condition of these patrons, the time of day, or the season of the year. Sometimes it was undeniably tough, but neither Lazarus nor Job ever growled. As to barking, it was out of their line altogether.

One day a fat gentleman, potent in "the ward," was celebrating some event more auspicious to himself than to the municipality, and "buying" indiscriminately. He happened to notice Lazarus after a prod or two from Job. He looked down and emitted a prophecy of sulphurous import to his own soul. After which he inquired:

"Why don't they vote? They's bigger hobos in the ward than them two mutts. They work for what they get. They ain't treated right. Oi'm goin' to blow them."

Whereupon he commandeered a piece of fresh steak from the ice-box, and laid it on the floor.

Lazarus and Job sniffed it, and looked up inquiringly. Then Lazarus reared his southern department toward the ceiling, walked on two feet twice his own length, came to earth again, and sneezed. Job prodded the liberal one with his right paw.

"Well," said the liberal one. "I'll be " as before.

"Here!" he roared. "Them's the two gamest bums on the west side!" And dumped a plate of unclean remainders, which the team at once engurgitated, as having no palates.

Another day when it was cold and they stood shivering beside the kerb farther south of their usual route, a pretty woman came by, with two little girls. Without any apparent reason unless for rehearsal, Lazarus at that moment threw his stunt and came down again, dejectedly. The little girls were filled with amazement and delight.

"The dreadful little brute!" commented Mamma, through her laugh. "I never saw anything so ridiculous."

But when Lazarus did it again, with no sense whatever of their being there, the little girls screamed in delight, and Mamma laughed so hard she almost cried. Lazarus yawned, pulled with his forefeet, kicked with his hind, and suddenly scratched himself with violence behind the left ear. Job was looking down the street in utter melancholy. The little girls swarmed upon them noisily, with outstretched hands, and friendly squeals, which were not misunderstood. No little girls had ever before made bold with them, but they were dogs, and understood the friendship of young things at first sight. In a feeble and noncommittal way, they returned it. They stood still, and Lazarus almost waved his flag. When Mamma tried to put an end to this flirtation, there was trouble. The

THE WAY THEY SHOT OUT OF THE DOOR GAVE THE COOK A TURN SHE DIDN'T GET OVER FOR AN HOUR

'WHY DON'T THEY VOTE? THEY'S BIGGER HOBOS IN THE WARD THAN THEM TWO MUTTS. OI'M GOIN' TO BLOW THEM'

biggest little girl flared into open rebellion, and the smallest projected appalling sounds from a reddened and distorted face. It ended by Mamma's saying:

"Well, my goodness!" (which it wasn't, but her weakness, the dear woman) "if you must have them, bring them along! I'm not going to stay here till dark about it."

Lazarus and Job had telepathic conference on the subject while they were being teased along, but upon the whole, it seemed to be Job's opinion that no harm could come of it, and Lazarus having long since deferred to Job's judgment, they followed the children home—to disappointment. For the place was neither dirty nor noisy, nobody was drunk or in process of getting drunk, and on the floor, which they prospected with swift and expert skill, there was not a thing to eat!

And they were washed! This assault upon their personal liberties was endured with bitter patience, partly because they wouldn't bite a child nor a woman, and partly because they were sustained by a hope of food to follow.

The inhumanity of humanity to dogs was never so driven home to their feelings as by that food, when it did finally come, after they had been dried, and warmed before a fire. Food! The stuff was simply sickening. It was soft, and clean and steamy, and suggested the odors of such hostile holes as restaurants. Lazarus threw his stunt in vain, and Job's pathetic pokings were of no effect. The little girls danced around them, and cuddled them, which was a pleasure of course, but not nutritious. At last they gave it up, and, failing to negotiate the kitchen door, lay down. It was a hard world.

"They must be sleepy," said Mamma, "and they don't seem to want to eat. They can stay until morning, anyway." So she had cook bring a rug, on which they staid until the room was empty, when with some slight relief but no delay they shuffled off to the bare boards.

The way they shot out of that the first time the door was opened gave the cook a turn she didn't get over for an hour. With a quick scramble of

feet, they were gone like wind-smitten smoke. A wonderful escape from the fearful realms of decency it was, but the fresh air after that washing gave Lazarus a cold that made him cough until he was ashamed of himself, it sounded so like barking—and it hung on for days and days.

On a rainy afternoon in "Jake's Place," along toward winter, somebody happened to inquire what had become of them. Somebody always does think of such things in any settled order—or disorder—of life, such as prevails in those streets. A comparison of memories disclosed that nobody knew. They had not "bin round" for a long while.

"The place must be goin' on the blink if them two old bats had to quit us," remarked one, with sarcasm.

"Aw gwan!" retorted another. "Jake's lunch is gettin' too swell. That's what. They can't stand for it."

Psychologically, at that moment a customer came in, and scuffling past his heels came Job the managerial, all alone. And such a Job!

He was so gaunt his poor old slats showed through the desert areas of his sides. His eyes were gummy, and his long legs uncertain—while he stood blinking in the middle of the floor, one of them suddenly went double, and almost let him down.

"You punk comedian!" said Jake, as he reached for a seltzer bottle, and squirted poor Job squarely in the mustache.

"Cut it out, Jake!" snapped a big fellow, with sudden sympathy. "Can't you see he's sick?"

"Well," parried Jake, "I don't want him in my place without his pardner. Where's Lazarus, old yegg?"

While they went to the door and looked both ways for the answer, Job made a weak-kneed scouting expedition along the foot-board and under the lunch-table, without results. There were many scraps, but he tasted none.

"He's alone this time," was the report from the door.

He would not eat. "That's because he's sick," explained a wise one. They tried him with the worst on the table, but he only looked up, and whimpered faintly.

The relenting Jake cut off a full slab of ham, and threw it to him. Like a wolf he pounced upon it, and on the instant made for the door, and waited to be let out.

"What do you know about that!" gasped Jake. "Open the door, Mose. Let's see what he's got framed up."

THEY WERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIM STUMBLE DOWN A CELLARWAY

"You bed you I vill see," responded Mose, and followed Job to the street. Three or four others trailed along after.

Job with a slab of meat in his mouth excited gluttonous attention in several other dogs, who tried to give chase and might have held him up if the men had allowed. He side-stepped a few vicious dashes, and feebly but steadily made his way east. He turned a corner going north, and then with an astonishing burst of vigor, whipped round into a dingy side street. The party was just in time to see him stumble down a cellar-way.

They went down, too, and there in the middle of the littered floor sat Job, looking down intently, whining with empty mouth, and poking with his paw at something that did not respond.

"Chee!" said one of them. "It's Lazarus, and he's sick too."

But he wasn't sick. He was dead.

About his head were mouldy bits of food, some of them hard with the exposure of many days. Job pushed the ham against the cold face, and prodded, and half got up and sat down again, and once more prodded; and then put up his nose, and howled the howl that with a dog means heart-break.

One of the men uncovered. For a moment, they looked at each other and said nothing. Then they murmured soft and brief profanity, that was not profane.

Only when they began to touch old Lazarus did Job notice them at all. Then he made the best fight he could, standing waveringly across the body of his friend. When they subdued him he gave up, and watched.

They found an old box, and lifted Lazarus into it, giving him cerements of waste paper. A hammer and nails were brought, and the casket was sealed up. They decided to take it out beyond the limits, and bury it there in an open block of ground. Job got up, and put his paws upon the lid, and whimpered. He suffered himself to be picked up, and carried along.

"Sure," said Mose. "He muss go der funeral bei."

At the end of the line a shovel was borrowed, and in a very little while it was all over. The proposition to establish Job as a permanent resident at Jake's was well meant, but Job himself developed unexpected fury in his objection to going there, or anywhere else, and the last they saw of him as they caught a townward car, he was sitting on the little mound, alternately prodding it with a forefoot, and voicing his misery to the zinky sky.

Mose had known Lazarus and Job long and well. He had uneasy sleep that night. In the morning he took a run out to see how things were. He might have saved himself the trouble, for there across the little mound stretched Job, as dead as Lazarus.

MILADY'S PORTRAIT

BY VICTOR SHAWE

THRO' the lazy hours of twilight
I watched as in a dream,
While Cupid sketched a face as fair
As ever I had seen.

Then his mocking laughter waked me,
And lo! the page was bare—
The rogue had etched upon my heart
As I was dreaming there!

THE CALL OF THE FOOTHILLS

BY NEWTON A. NEUSSLE

(After Kipling's "The Feet of Young Men.")

NOW the nights of endless toiling and the long day's work are over,
Now the autumn winds are luring me away,
And my heart is yearning, eager for the wilderness and trail,
Where the nimble-footed broncoes leap and play.
Who hath heard the lariat snarling? Who hath heard the spurs a-tinkling?
Who hath felt the frenzy of the maddening race?
Who hath galloped toward the morning? Who hath swung the supple quirt-lash?
Who hath felt the heated winds upon his face?

O my heart is yearning to be gone,
And faint voices are calling me away—
I must hurry—hurry—hurry—they are calling to me now,
And I'm ready for the fray.

Do you know the crackling fires and the twilight slowly falling?
Do you know the pleading voices of the night?
Have you heard the hungry coyote, lone and faintly, faintly calling?
Have you seen the distant buzzard in his flight?
It is there that I am going with my Mexican sombrero,
To a dear profane cowpuncher that I know,
To my rancher and my plainsmen, to my herds, corral, and saddle,
For I hear faint voices calling and must go.

Do you know the long day's riding and the challenge of sun-devils?
Do you know the giant herd, the reckless race?
Do you know the savage trail that meanders vagrant, listless,
And the pinto loping on with patient pace?
It is there that I am going—going for I cannot stay—
To a little dauntless pony that I know,
To my Foothills and my cartridge-belt, my quirt-lash and my sage-brush,
For I hear faint voices calling, and must go.

O my heart is yearning to be gone,
And faint voices are calling me away—
I must hurry—hurry—hurry—they are calling to me now,
And I'm ready for the fray.

What the Sand-piper Heard.

by

Agnes Deans Cameron

Illustrations by Chas. A. MacLellan

"WE'VE drunk to the Queen, God bless her!"

"True, O king, we have—several times, likewise we've drunk to our mothers' land."

The third man took up the history gravely,

"We've drunk to our English brother and we hope he'll understand."

Number Four looked at the many empty champagne bottles, and comprehensively summed up the situation with,

"We've drunk to the wide creation!"

"Well, then," drawled the Hon. Dick, "Last toast, and your foot on the table, a health to the Native Born!"

With all the honors they drank it, and, in various stages of collapse, staggered towards their respective rooms in the Hotel Mount Baker to sleep it off; all but the Honourable Richard Cecil Stanhope, who, nodding to the night-clerk, made his way outside into the gray dawn. It was four a.m. on the twenty-fourth of May, and the Hon. Richard was well drunken, not the slightest doubt about either fact. Still as he strode along between the golf-links and the shore, the homing sea-gulls looking down upon him inquisitively saw a man who was from the crown of his cowboy hat to his close-fitting leggings well-groomed and band-box neat.

Half an hour's striding through the lilies and buttercups brought the sea to view, the pheasants were calling in the long grass, and high upon an oak limb a meadow lark announced to all and sundry that "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world." The Hon. Richard found the beach at Shoal Bay, sat him down on a drift-log and buried his head in his hands. Half-a-hundred birds now sang Jubilates, the long waves, leaving a sea-weed etching to mark their highest point, were creeping slowly out to sea; the world was all clean and sweet and pure and happy; and the Hon. Dick wasn't.

"What an utter, utter ass I am!" thought he. "This is the first night of our holiday, and a fair sample, I suppose, of what the week's celebration will be." He rose and shook himself like a big Newfoundland. "A dip will do me good"; and throwing off his clothes he took a refreshing header into the icy waters of the Straits.

"Beastly lot of tommy-rot all that about 'the modifying influence of the Japan Current,'" sputtered he, dressing; for the water of the Straits of Fuca was very cold. But it cleared his fuddled brain and made him feel fit.

Just then the sun burst out in its glorious sheen, the clouds were lifted from the new-washed Olympics and every little wave shimmered in the sunlight,—the ever recurring miracle renewed each day, a miracle which those who are born by the sea (unless accident call them to an early steamboat or train) often live out their allotted days without seeing.

The Hon. Dick looked out upon a new heaven and a new earth; he stretched his well-shaped limbs and took mental stock of himself.

"There's nothing in it," he said, "the game's not worth the candle. I've half a mind to vow a vow, purge me of my follies, leave sack and live cleanly as a nobleman should. I'll see through the celebration with the boys, go back

to the ranch and put in two years of hard clean work. If I don't pull up soon I'll be as drivelling an idiot as any one of the bunch, and God knows they're a poor enough lot."

A sandpiper from the kelp cocked his head saucily, stood on one leg and eyed his long-legged brother—"Yes, I mean it, old chap, it's a vow, and you're the witness."

Dick carefully selected a cigar, lighted it with deliberation and, head in air, started out along the wet sand. Already he felt virtuous; half-unconsciously he followed the sharply defined track of the little sandpiper as it led in and out among the kelp and the flotsam and jetsam of the out-going tide. The morning air was a tonic, salty with the sea and dashed now and then with a wild-rose suggestiveness as the breeze bore out from the land.

Suddenly he stopped with his foot almost on top of the little sandpiper, and as it scuttled off at its own peculiar double-quick he saw under a tangled bunch of weed a lady's black silk bag. Dick stooped to pick it up.

"Why, the little beggar seemed to be pointing at it like a born retriever!" he said. "By Jove," as he gingerly opened the draw-string, "somebody is going to miss this."

He sat down on a flat-topped boulder, carefully laid his cigar aside and took stock of his find. *Item*—a purse containing a one-dollar note and two green car-tickets. *Item*—one diamond ring tied with a scrap of narrow blue ribbon. *Item*—one drawn-work handkerchief, with a slight suggestion of —what was it? Dick sniffed and sniffed again judicially and finally decided in favor of crab-apple. *Item*—one photo by Savannah. "It doesn't seem just right to look at it," soliloquized he, "but still the sandpiper found it and he put me next, and, if he hadn't, the next tide would have carried it off to Trial Island."

It was a beautiful face that looked back to Dick's; Savannah surely excelled himself at that sitting and had made a speaking likeness. Dick looked at it long and earnestly, till every line of that face had impressed itself on the memory of his very soul. The features, the poise of the head, the compelling power of the wonderful eyes, and the half-sweet, half-proud curve of the lips which seemed about to open and speak exerted a strange charm upon him. Who was she? Where was she? The sandpiper was at the water's edge, but he had no further information to impart. "That street's closed." Dick was confronted with a "staggerer" like the Dick of old.

Carefully he laid the picture down, and began to smoke the half finished cigar. Perhaps the bag contained some note or scrap of paper, a calling card or an old envelope; inside out he turned it, no sign of written word, and it was placed alongside the picture. The picture itself fascinated him, he couldn't long keep his eyes from it. Picking it up, he for the first time turned it over, and then he saw, written "in such a hand as when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring East":

> "As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry, 'All good things
> Are ours!'
> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made."
>
> Rabbi Ben Ezra—

And down in the lower corner was the one word, "Lucile".

When Henry II. of England did penance at Becket's tomb and vowed a life of chastity, he heard that his trusty Richard Glanville had captured William the Lion of Scotland; so the Hon. Dick was inclined to look upon his find as a direct message in answer to his vow. Not in vain had he had a Scottish nurse who opened her Bible at random to place her finger on a "leading text" when in need of special guidance.

"As the bird (that's you, sandpiper), wings and sings, let us cry all good things are *ours!* Ours, Sandy, do you hear, you beggar? Jove! but you *are* a mascot worth having. May your tribe increase, may long-legged children to the third and fourth generation rise up and call you blessed!" and gathering up his precious find, Dick turned hotelward.

"It's Longfellow's perfect day," murmured he, with a backward toss of

his head to better inhale the balsamic tonic of the great pines 'whereon shall no man work, but play; whereon it is enough for me not to be doing, but to be.' And those beastly beggars are still in their boozy slumbers—Faugh! And last night I was of them; but from this on it's right about face and a clean march for yours truly. Lucile, (how he dwelt upon the name) I may never see you—that rests with God—" and Dick uncovered as he stood there in the open with the buttercups at his feet, "but if I am permitted to stand in your presence it will be to meet the glance of your eyes unshamefacedly, and with a tale of work done squarely and unwasted days."

At the Mount Baker, a breakfast, a shave, and the donning of a light suit of tweeds made of Dick a new man, and the world was before him. He just at that moment felt in no humour for the tally-ho and the noisy party arranged for the Regatta at the Gorge, and sleep was farthest from his mind. A certain Rabbi Ben Ezra demanded investigation and further acquaintance, and to obtain this he, abjuring the tram, turned his long strides in the direction of the Carnegie Library. The Librarian supplied the information where the sandpiper had failed, and Dick learned that Browning was responsible for the words which had taken such a strong hold on the verities of life for him; to Hibben & Co.'s next, to make two purchases, a pocket edition of Browning and a little Russia leather case into which Lucile's picture fitted; then to the "Colonist to insert an "ad" in the "Lost and Found" column, for with the exception of the picture (and its inscription) it was Dick's intention to be honest. About the original of the photograph, Savannah could tell him nothing, not even the name. It had been taken during the tourist-rush, that was all.

At lunch he rejoined the others, "fit" after a night's rest and a tub, immaculate in boating flannels, though still somewhat noisy.

"Ho! Dicky-bird, you must have been up with the lark: the beggar looks as fresh as a daisy."

"Did the early bird catch the worm?"

"Got any tips on the races?"

He was assailed on all sides with a shower of chaff. At two o'clock the tally-ho drove them all off riotous and rollicking to the Regatta up "the Arm"; they had invitations to join a Club party at Curtis Point and here the drag dropped them.

WHO WAS SHE? WHERE WAS SHE? DICK WAS CONFRONTED WITH A "STAGGERER" LIKE THE DICK OF OLD

The world had assumed the part of one big, anxious throbbing personal question-mark to Dick. Lucile, where was she? Surely in Victoria still, no later than yesterday she had walked on the beach. Might she not be one of this very picnic party to which they had the entree? The "rawnchers" were introduced to a score of laughing English girls, very sweet and pretty in their sailor hats and well-fitting summer gowns; and oh, it was so delightfully like "home" this chat with one's own kind after the long months on

the ranges where womankind is scarce, and neither Indian nor settler teems with conversational graces.

The cockney accent of the bluejackets from Esquimalt told that they too had

> Learned from their wistful mothers to call
> old England home.

—the coxswain, who had bent himself double with his encouraging "Hup wiv 'er!" and the quarrelsome one on shore whose "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im, 'Arry" told of bloodshed to come. It caused a distinct homesick pang in more than one big rancher's heart—an Englishman's love for the foggy island of his birth never gets dull at the edge, and these men, however wide they wander, will never lose out quite all of the wholesome English boy. Even now more than one tongue sure of a sympathizing listener is eager with details of his own home life, of sister and mother, and the beauty of English meadow and hedge row at the spring of the year.

Dick alone was busy with the present; it was a very real possession which had taken hold of him, in which Lucile, and Browning, and the sea, and sobriety, each had a part. Ordinarily no one would have called Stanhope a dreamer of Arcady, he was essentially a man of action; but ever since, (like the other Prodigal) he had "come to himself" that early morning down by the sea, his whole mentality had undergone a change, and he had a strong conviction that by some psychic force Lucile must know and be herself affected by the same subtle power. The days of uncertain hoping when each new hour held the possibility of standing in the very presence of the real, living, moving Lucile, were very precious. Was she tall? He thought she was. What were the tones of her voice? How and where would he meet her?

But there was no word, no answer to his "ad." in the "Colonist" and tired out with hope deferred, on the first of June he made up his mind to return to the range. The parcel just as he had found it he deposited in the Bank of British North America, substituting his own picture for Lucile's. On the back of it he wrote his name, the words "*No one can keep my own from me*," and the date; then he put an "ad" in the "Colonist" directing the owner of the bag to apply to the Bank for it, and the Hon. Dick resolutely turned his back to all the pleasures of the Coast.

The others went up on the steamer with him to Vancouver, and they pulled out on the same express, but in the Upper country their trails diverged. Two hundred and fifty miles from Ashcroft lay the Bar Z Ranch, Dick's holding, and this distance he rode on Pinto his piebald pony. Lonely? Not he. He had Lucile's face for company and a whole host of new people that he had discovered in Browning-land.

As the glory of autumn gradually gave place to winter Dick got word from his bankers that the parcel had been claimed by wire from Kentucky. This changed the tenor of his thoughts, Kentucky became the world's centre, Victoria stationers got an order to forward Kentucky literature, and for the first time Stanhope saw the hempfields through the witchery of James Lane Allen's presentment.

Then came winter in earnest and the long shut-in evenings, and Dick read and smoked, dreamed dreams and saw visions. "The Kentucky Cardinal" was his companion, and the "Kentucky Colonel," anything and everything Kentuckian, except Kentucky whiskey.

The pledge to the little sandpiper was kept; and the snow melted and then came spring—spring on the cattle-ranges, clean, sweet, green. It was May, and Dick stood upright in the sunlight with the smell of growing things in his nostrils and the fever of unrest in his soul and said with the Prodigal, "I will arise and go"; all the king's horses and all the king's men could not have kept the Hon. Richard Stanhope from the coast that merry month of May.

"I will meet her. I know it. I feel it, nothing can keep my own from me," he said to himself, and the Gladstone bag was packed and the under herders received their orders,

and as the Hon. Dickie rode off on Pinto, round the first rocky corner his Baden-Powell hat was tossed in the air, and the old fox-hunt call—"Whoop Warry, Warry, Warry! Ki-ope! Ki-ope!" rang down the cañons.

All things come round to him who will but wait, and one afternoon the Oak Bay tram deposited him at the Mount Baker. As he eagerly secured his room of the past summer, No. 17, the weary months of waiting dropped away and Dick was on the tiptoe of expectancy; and yet he had only conjecture, conjecture and wild hope to whisper that Victoria and the twenty-fourth of May must mean Lucile, too.

It wanted still a good hour before dark and Dick hurried off for a glimpse of the bay before night closed in. Rounding the corner an intoxicating breath of the sea blending with the sweet of wild roses set every nerve a-tingle. What other sense quickens memory like the sense of smell?

But what does the commotion mean in the little secluded bay? Crying children, a lame old man and an hysterical nurse all hail him at once, and each voice tries to outshrill the others. Dick's quick eye takes in the trouble, out three hundred yards and quickly floating towards Trial Island a festive small boy astride a drift log lifts his voice skyward and howls like a lost soul; he can't swim and it is far beyond wading depth.

"There's nothing for it but a swim," judged Dick instantly. "Hold on, youngster, sit low and keep quiet. I'll be with you in half a shake of a dead lamb's tail," and discarding coat and riding boots, Dick, tired and overheated, dived into the ice-cold water. It was a long hard swim against the tide and when he restored the scared small boy to the bosom of his own, the swimmer himself was chilled through and through and ready to collapse; limp and cold he made his way to the Hotel and into bed.

Nature is a stern old accountant and sooner or later she exacts her pound of flesh to the last small scruple. Before morning certain uncompromising chest pains told Dick he was in for acute pneumonia. He had had it once before up on the range, and roundly did he curse his luck.

Next morning the doctor somewhat eased his mind.

"Stay in bed," said he, "don't fume, obey orders, and I may be able to pull you around by the twenty-fourth." It might be worse. They were kindness itself at the hotel, and the little boy's nurse took the invalid under her special care. Of course they exchanged confidences—sickness is a great leveller,—and Dick widened his knowledge of human nature by getting the viewpoint of a young and pretty girl who combined the duties of nurse, ladies' maid and nursery governess. Nurse Lottie was bright and cheery and confidential.

"You know if you hadn't saved Billy boy they would have held me guilty of murder in the second degree; I am his keeper and twenty-four hours each day responsible for his mental, moral and physical wholeness."

Another time it would be, "Oh, I wish you could see the last batch of tourists on the third floor. They call themselves Mystic Shriners, but they're jolly all right enough; they are going to get up a masked ball for the eve of the twenty-fourth, every guest in the Hotel is invited and we're going to have Finn's band and fireworks." She was a great mimic and kept the sick man entertained with her clever imitations of the daily arriving holiday guests.

But again Lottie would lose her gay mood and ask for sympathy. "It's all well enough, this wandering from one holiday centre and one health resort to another, if you are 'in society', well enough for the mistress, a different thing for the maid"; and Dick the lonely one knew how to sympathize. After this personal opening the confidences came quickly; the patient learned quickly of the nurse's Devon home and in a locket saw the picture of a comely woman of forty, her mother, with the mother of her smile; and in return Lottie caught a hint of Dick's master-passion.

"I'm going to the ball Friday night and I'm going to have a gay time for

once in my life. I've gone actually blue-mouldy for lack of a little fun!"

"Save one dance for me," replied Dick, "I won't be able to dance, but we'll sit it out on the balcony." And so it was agreed.

At ten o'clock on Friday night on the west balcony Dick promenaded, with an overcoat thrown loosely over his dress-suit, and as the first lonely rocket shot out across the Gulf and the band struck up in the ball-room below he felt very much out of it. But it was a peerless night, the odors of the lilac and narcissus from the gardens were wafted upwards in delightful whiffs.

"Is your patience exhausted?" a salmon-pink domino broke in on his silence. How very graceful Nurse Lottie was! Dick felt he had never before quite appreciated her magnificent carriage.

"Good evening," he said, rising to hand her a rustic chair. "May a poor male savage be permitted to remark that your ball-room toggery is vastly becoming? Why do nurses dress like blackbirds or nuns when butterfly humming-bird rainbow tints are theirs by divine right?"

"Look below," returned she, "there are rainbow tints for you," and together they watched the dancers, Lottie's feet beating time impatiently to the delicious strains of the waltz. Dick, too, felt the witchery of the music.

"Why not join them?" he said, standing before her, "I never did learn to see happiness through other chaps' eyes. Will you trust yourself to a cadaverous partner escaped from the jaws of quarantine?"

Fifteen minutes later they were back to their coign of vantage. "I never had a better dance, you're awfully good to a bed-ridden wayfarer; that waltz has shaken off the last lingering vestige of pneumonia. I have but one wish under heaven," and Dick leaned back luxuriously in the Japanese lounging chair.

"Name it," laughed Lottie.

"A cigar; if my partner permits; as ye are strong, be merciful," and the case was held up interrogatively.

"Don't say you object to smoke, the modern school of medicine claims it is an ally."

"Object? Not I," said Lottie, laughing, and leaning over the balcony she watched the dancers, while Dick puffed serenely. Suddenly she straightened up impatiently.

"Oh, this music gets on my nerves!" she exclaimed, "It's like Kipling's banjo-song—'*I am Memory and Torment, I am Town, I am all that ever went with evening dress.*' How I hate, hate, hate it all, this life of mine, the waiting on other people, the self-repression—they're kind, of course, and all that—but I'm tired, utterly tired of being an appendage of some one else, I want *freedom*, I want to live my own life however meagre. You look astonished. You're a man, an out-door man, and you can't understand how a woman in my position, a sort of governess-nursemaid-nurse, feels, how she longs for sympathetic companionship, for some of the loose beads of life with no straight string running through. Don't think me crazy, please," with a laugh, "I'm quite safe, like Pratt's Astral Oil, 'will not explode.' But I'm going to leave it all, to-night."

Dick gave a perceptible start, and she continued, "I know no one in Victoria except indeed one or two members of the visiting Miners' Convention, — Mr. Livingstone-Johnson, he's the secretary, that young-old, gray haired man in the window-seat down by the chandelier—he and the other one—I was speaking to them last night —and they—he—said I'd be sure to get on all right if I left. He seemed quite friendly and advised me not to give notice, just to slip away, it would avoid all fuss—he knows a good private boarding house, too—in fact, a friend of his keeps it—well—I don't know why I'm telling you all this, I seem excited to-night—but we've been good friends, haven't we?" and Lottie's hand dropped to Dick's shoulder.

"Yes, we've been friends," curtly said he, rising, "and, because of that and at the risk of your thinking me an interfering prig, I'm going to suggest

AND WITH HIS WHOLE SOUL ON THE ISSUE, DICK HAZARDED THE FUTURE

that you go inside and sleep on this. Things will look different and more wholesome in the morning; they always do. For my part I'm going to do myself the pleasure of finding this precious Livingstone-Johnson and telling him he's a damned scoundrel." That was all. Raising his hat, he was gone.

Under the pink domino, Nurse Lottie blushed a deeper pink and laughed a little laugh that was not all of displeasure.

"There, my dear, did you in all your years ever have a neater lecture more crisply delivered!—And sent to bed and told to be good! Oh, it's too much, I feel about ten years old! And you're not exactly a Methuselah yourself, my dear Sir Galahad! I'd better do as I'm told, and go to bed like a good little girl, though," regretfully, "I *would* dearly love to be a fly on the wall when the 'scoundrel' is having his bad quarter of an hour."

Next morning Dick was awakened by the twitter of field-fares and the sound of the surf through the open window.

"Another glorious day, by Jove, a day for gods to stoop and men to soar. It does seem good to be a well man once more! I wonder how Nurse Lottie looks out on the world this morning," and with this thought uppermost, after breakfast, he almost ran into a gray-haired gentleman making his way into the billiard-room. "I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir; awfully clumsy of me."

"No apologies," returned the elder briskly, "Hon. Richard Stanhope, is it not? I've just come in on the E. & N. train from shooting at Shawnigan, and I learn that I must thank you for fishing that young grand-nephew of mine safely in from a watery grave. It was a brave deed, Sir Richard, and

we are all under a deep debt of gratitude to you."

"I am Memory, I am Torment, I am Town,
I am all that ever went with evening dress.
* * * * * * *
Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof,
I have told the naked stars the grief of man—
* * * * * * *
And the tunes that mean so much to you alone— —"

Clear and rich rose the notes of a wonderful contralto from the music-room across the hall. The old gentleman's face softened.

"It's my daughter and she too wishes to thank you.....Lucile!" Something gripped Dick's heart, as he bent low over her hand acknowledging the presentation.

She was the first to speak.

"The Hon. Richard Stanhope and I have met before, father," and she stepped to the window, letting in a flood of morning sunlight. Every nerve in Dick's body tingled. What a superb carriage she had!

"In a former incarnation?" hazarded he, with a smile.

"Yes, perhaps—doubtless," she returned, "but father, he and I had a long interview last night as we watched the dancers, and," with spirit, "he really seems to wish to repudiate it. Yes," continued Lucile, "I gave him the whole of a dance, and —and—he told me I lacked common sense, and sent me to my room." Mr. Henderson looked amused and mystified, and Dick's face flushed hotly under the tan as he realized the trick of the night before.

Lucile had taken Lottie's place and amused herself with him for the evening. And yet—Livingstone-Johnson had not denied the soft impeachment when accused. He saw it all now, Johnson's conversation had been with Lottie, and Lucile had learned of it. He felt the need for indignation, but indignation would not come. His heart was surging wildly, "It is she! It is she! My own has come to me!" There was nothing of the timid lover about Dick. As his Scottish nurse said, "He was aye magerfu'."

Half an hour later they made their way across the golf-links where the larks were singing, down to the sea. To the few passers-by on the Cliff-road a picture good to look at they made, she sitting on a boulder in a sheltered cove, and Dick's long length stretched on the sands at her feet. The sun shone out, and passed its noon-line, and still they talked on: the Past was theirs and all this glorious golden Present. But when, his whole soul on the issue, Dick hazarded the Future, there was one curious eavesdropper. Down by the water's edge, his feet halted in the weed, with a wise look out to sea, a little sandpiper listened.

CIRCUMSTANCE

BY S. E. KISER

"WHY do the fools go singing?"
I heard the pessimist say:
"The hours that pass are bringing
More sorrow along the way."
He shouted within an hour
With a voice that was glad and gay;
Fortune was his, and power,
And he laughed as the careless may.

WHEN JOURNALISM GOES SKYLARKING

BY ROBSON BLACK

Author of "The Broken Kingdom," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CAMPAIGN POSTERS

WHAT the experienced city-editor does not know about elections and electioneering is not worth proposing for the Senate. He sizes up candidates surer than their own papas ; he adjusts policies to public sentiment and finds them wanting or wanted; through platitude and puffery his keen senses penetrate as a grocer through a pound of cheese. In a whisper, dear reader, it is well to know that the man who invented the gyroscope would feel antiquated if he saw a city editor's brains in action.

These few castigations apply closely to the subject in hand, for it is desired to show how the newspaper man, so proudly and coldly judicial in others' affairs, leaps into crimson flame the instant events grow personal. Generally, the journalist does unto others as he defies them to do unto him. Upon the bruised shins of his clergyman, he gazes with the instinct for a ten-line item; but upon his own or his son's shins as a devil-of-a-thing.

For a city editor to clear his desks for an election campaign, confuses no more than target practise on a man-o'-war. And whether Jones advocates public ownership of peanut stands and Bones wants a garbage plant in the city park, the old head on the desk doesn't care "a continental". It is his sweet business to get out the fireside companion in time to catch the early mails—also to keep the staff convinced that they are indigent orphans grafting on poor uncle's money.

A MAN MAY LOOK LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT AND LEAD A BLAMELESS LIFE, BUT IT DOESN'T HELP HIM A ONE-EM DASH WITH THE PRESS CLUB

This creature of iron surrenders to panic only upon one occasion—the annual Press Club election. History records no exception. Editor or reporter may glory in iconoclasm eleven months in the year, but January he reserves for strife-oid fever, for mental measles and dyspepsia, for it means a big honor in a big city to be elected assistant-auditor of a journalists' society in which the treasurer keeps no books. Executives of Press Clubs attend to no such affairs as Worry Culture Societies and Old Boys' Reunions. No debates on politics or the cost of living. No hard fought parliaments on "Is a lie ever justifiable?" for these matters have all been considered and put on the shelf. But if the butter at the annual club pow-wow is too strong for its size, or the ham is undercooked and the soda biscuits stale and soft, some one is sure to move an amendment to the constitution.

"THIS CODFISH ARISTOCRAT WOULD WANT US TO MISTER HIM. THAT'S WHAT!"

In a serious way, however, Press Clubs in cities like Toronto are both social and charitable of purpose. They not only create and promote an esprit de corps, and enable an interchange of ideas, but use the funds of the club to relieve extreme cases of need. Practically every man connected with the editorial, reportorial, and art departments of newspapers and magazines is eligible as a member. Once every two weeks a supper is held, usually graced by a distinguished visitor, who may be either Ambassador Bryce, or Harry Lauder.

But to return to the campaign period, where we left our editor and reporter wrestling and perspiring as candidates for office. That copy-reader with the snowy brow has suddenly realized the emotions of Vesuvius. Only the day before did he offer himself for vice-president and here in his morning's mail are printed dodgers calling him a "plug-pilfering popinjay" and "a candidate for the Drunkard's Home." Small wonder the Spartan self-possession of his soul sputters and sizzles. Small wonder he retaliates with "flannel-mouthed demagogue," "Down with rat-eating rotters," "A vote for Billings is a vote for Gypsy Smith," and much more of a like nature.

As the present story is based on the recent contest of the Toronto Press Club, it is best to get a perspective of the candidates who entered that skull-strewn tourney field.

For President: M. O. Hammond, "The Globe"; J. M. Elson, "The World"; and C. W. Mogridge, "The Mail and Empire".

For Vice-President: Alfred Lorenzo Rubbra, "The News"; Nelson Wilkinson, "The Mail and Empire"; J. S. Cowper, "The Globe"; and Chancellor Boylen, "The Telegram".

To each and every of these gentlemen the election was not only a test of popularity, but a battle royal for his own moral integrity and the enemy's damnation. As fast as printer could print, and engraver could grave, a document rolled off the presses to this effect:

Place Elson As President of the Press Club,
And Pure Pie for All the Populace.

Who is Hammond? Hammond is the man who invented the hole in the doughnut. We do not want holes. Holes ain't satisfyin.'

You can't eat holes. Both are empty boasts and hollow mockeries.

With Hammond as President, the proverb "Laugh and Grow Fat" becomes a snare and a delusion.

Who is Cowper? Cowper is the cuss that stands for cults and occultism.

You can't eat cults, and occultism is obviously unapproachable.

Mogridge stands for champagne. Hammond stands for pain. Vote for Elson, the painless president.

To the onslaught of Mr. Elson and his press-agent, Mr. Mogridge's committee of publicity retorted after this manner:

Vote For Mogridge and Merry Moments at Many Meetings. No Surrender.

Beware of class-rulers and autocrats with no policy but bunkum.

Everybody vote Mogridge for President and better pay. Minimum salary for all reporters $8 a day, paid promptly and no waiting.

The Press Club needs good square meals, not Hammond eggs. Don't kill the Press Club by putting either a Sunday School teacher or a poet in the chair.

These posters, it may be stated, were not confined to correspondence, but were placed prominently in every newspaper editorial room. The jackpot of satire, however, must be kept stirred and sizzling hot, and what follows was calculated to perform that service. It will be noticed that it mimics the style of the English cable letters sent by Canadian correspondents back to their papers, during the recent election struggle.

An Impartial View of the Situation.
How the Contest Sizes up To
Our Honest-to-Glory
Correspondent.
(Stalwart Lyar's Fable.)

Special cable to The Globe. Copy (occasionally) right by Stalwart Lyar and Dr. Redericke Crook. (Musical and Dramatic Rights Reserved.)—

"I ran down to New Orleans last evening in Mr. Victor Ross' Pancake touring car to attend a meeting held in Flynn's saloon in the interests of Mr. M. O. Hammond (etc. etc).

"After returning to Toronto this morning I seen Davie O'Brien, the prominent newsboy, in the World Alley and asked him who was going to win the election. After giving the matter deep consideration, he answered, 'Aw, wot in—— are yeh talkin' about?' This shows the unprecedented interest being taken in the election by all classes.

The Christian Guardian says this morning that at the Ministerial Association on Monday, odds of five to three on Hammond were offered with no takers."

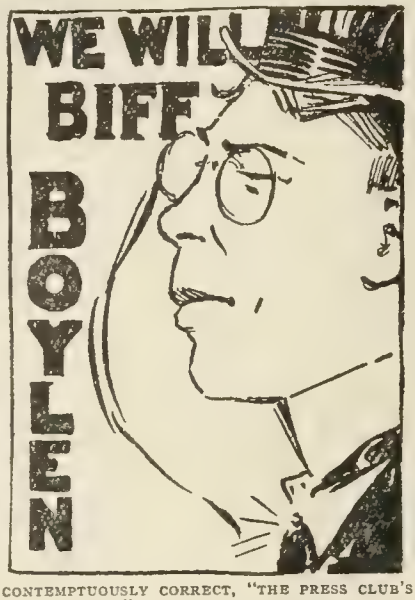
The ingenuous correspondent goes on to say:

"I had the cutest breakfast at the Savoy for half a guinea. It included oatmeal, creamed fish, toast, marmlade, pop-overs, coffee and finger bowls. Joe Clarke and Blackjack drank the latter, but Willison and I knew better, simply pouring it over our hands on to the carpet. The very moderate prices convince us that the tales of suffering and starvation in London are grossly exaggerated.—Stalwart Lyar.

So much for the presidency, which was comparatively a light skirmish. It was in the desperate and closely-

OH! VERY WELL!
Boylen Does not Own ALL the Silk Hats
VOTE FOR "RUB"
and REAL Respectability
Vice-President Toronto Press Club, 1910.
N. B.—Wilk doesn't want a silk hat. No use putting a seven dollar silk hat on a seven cent head. Cowper wears a a cap.
WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATIONS ARE MADE BY THE PRESS CLUB ARTISTS

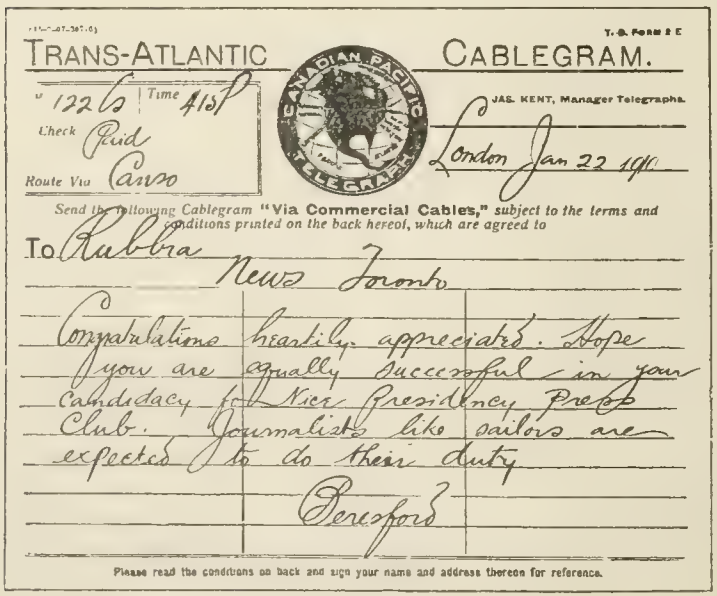
packed ranks of the vice-presidential candidates that verbal slaughter was heaviest. As but one man could possibly obtain the plurality, the efforts of each was to riddle by grape shot and cannister the reputation, policy, and personality of the other three. Every device, short of infernal machines, was leagued with one side or another. Mass meetings were held at the committee rooms of the city hall. Speakers proclaimed the secret of oratory with inspired breath and hearts of flame. If Blank was a teetotaler, someone was certain to storm upon him for a "mollycoddle, the grandson of a train wrecker," and point out "his eminent fitness as a highwayman and a blackguard." If he drank spirits, so much worse was the case against him, for the club "was not a drunkard's haven," nor could exemplary members afford to give Vice the imprint of their favor. And thus it ran. To the stack of printed matter already on the walls of every editorial room, fresh inventions were added daily, the interest being very keen in the latest essay upon friend or foe. If you belonged to the reportorial staff, you sought the list of victims before you paid any attention to possible assignments, though world powers might be declaring war and an actress getting a sensational divorce. If you were an editor, before you hung up your hat or rolled up your cuffs, you nervously sought through the pillory for your own name, or the finished copy of the last slam at "the opposition." One of the most prominent posters "boosted" the claims of John Chancellor Boylen for vice president. It was headed "The Press Club's Chance" and broke forth with a phraseology all its own:



CONTEMPTUOUSLY CORRECT, "THE PRESS CLUB'S CHANCE" MOVES FAR ABOVE THE HOWLINGS OF THE MOB

Elect Him While He's Willing.
Elect John Chancellor Boylen.
His Platform: More Butter, Better Meals for Less Money, and Brotherhood of All Religions.

Over against him came a doughty student of the classics. In a hailstorm of excerpts from Pope, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Byron, down to race-track experts, his campaign


TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLEGRAM.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TELEGRAPH

JAS. KENT, Manager Telegraphs.

Time 4.15 P

Check Paid

Route Via Canso

London Jan 22 1910

Send the following Cablegram "Via Commercial Cables," subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back hereof, which are agreed to

To Rubbra

News Toronto

Congratulations heartily appreciated. Hope you are equally successful in your Candidacy for Vice Presidency Press Club. Journalists like sailors are expected to do their duty

Beresford

Please read the conditions on back and sign your name and address thereon for reference.

A LITTLE TRIBUTE FROM BERESFORD

of: "innuendo" made highly-persuasive reading:

Plan all thine actions well is wisdom's rule;
Who trusts to "chance" proclaims himself a fool.
Pope's "Essay on Man."
Like a Hell broth "Boylen" bubble.
Macbeth.

And many more of a like calibre. The Rubbra rooters followed up their advantage with a dirge in this vein:

Rah! Rah! Rah! for Rub.
Remember the ancient and amiable Alf.
Alf. may work on an afternoon paper, but by nature Alf. is a rounder.
Who is Boylen? Ask the cabmen. Boylen is the man who rides a hack horse on the 12th of July and abuses the hackmen all the rest of the year. Vote for Rub and abolish rottenness. Mearns is dull and windy.
Vote for Rub, and better butter. Mearns means moist soda crackers, and Boylen stands for dog biscuits. Vote for Rub.

A document directed against one of the vice presidential candidates will illustrate the degree of blistering to which a Press Club office-seeker must expose himself. It requires at least a gracious patience and a Christian training to endure adjectives of this sort with calm, for they are cunningly calculated to wilt the "pink flower," make its wearer try to shave without looking in the mirror, and cause him to go to work by the back alley, unless he possesses an unusually thick hide.

What would this —— individual do if he were elected vice president? He would appear at Press Club, clad in a pink flower, eye glasses and a cane. This strutting mutt, this would-be Demosthenes, this political cancer, this skunk cabbage of the journalistic world, this codfish aristocrat, would want us to Mister him. That's what.
To the ash heap with this person.

An advocate of the Wilkinson policy or personality spread out his wits in this design:

If Boylen is elected vice-president of the Toronto Press Club he will not be content until every member of the club joins his Orange Lodge, for he gets a rake-off on every new member. We will all have to parade on the twelfth of July wearing frock coats and silk hats and carrying canes.
If Rubbra is elected, the Toronto Press Club will become a thing of the past. Every meeting will be turned into an orgie and a debauch until no restaurant proprietor will stand for Rub and his evil companions.
If citizen Cowper is elected, the Toronto Press Club will degenerate into a Socialistic organization where no one will be admitted unless he wears a red tie and swears to throw bombs at every capitalist.
If Wilkinson is elected the Toronto Press Club will flourish like the proverbial green bay tree. With the formation of the progressive party the Toronto Press Club will become one of the wealthiest organizations in the world. This increased wealth will be added to all salaries.

As the elections were concurrent with those of the British Commons, Mr. Rubbra thought he would "ring in" some opinions from the Old Land. He therefore issued on facsimiles of cablegram sheets, which he spread broadcast, a personal greeting from a great British admiral:

THE PRESS CLUB'S CHANCE

ELECT HIM WHILE HE'S WILLING

Don't be misled by the brainstorm of a few flannel-mouthed demagogues.

HERE'S THE REAL ISSUE

DO YOU WANT THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENT?

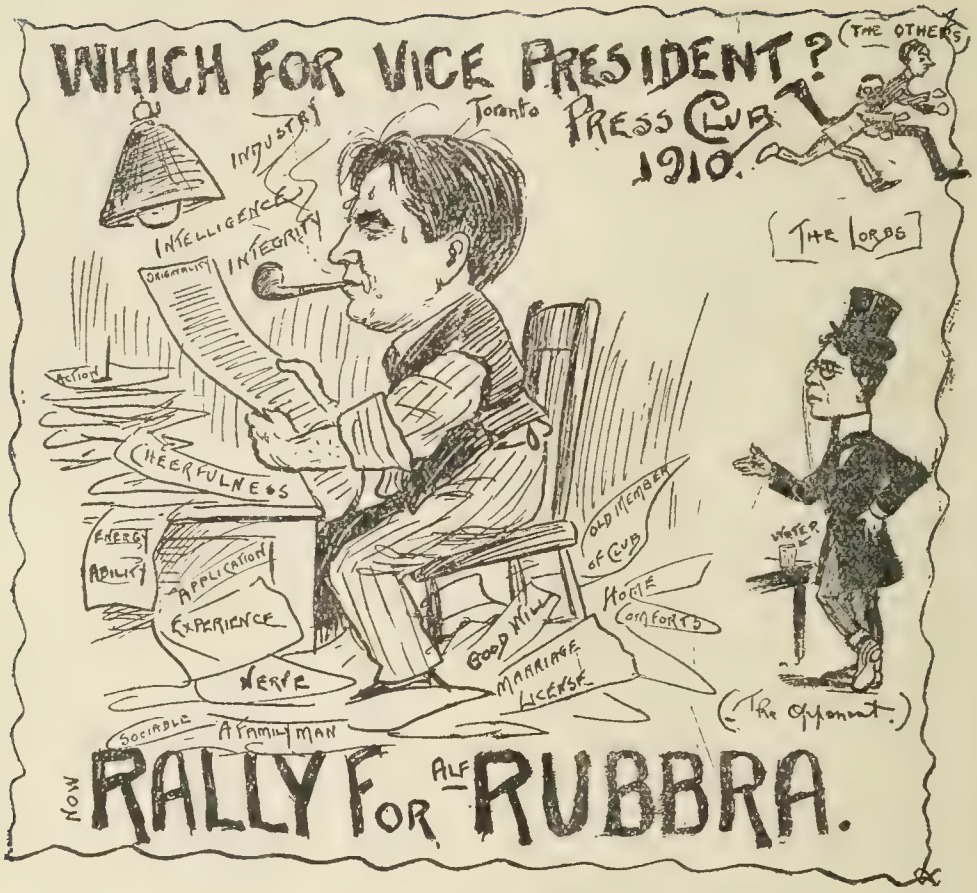
IF SO ELECT

JOHN CHANCELLOR BOYLEN.

HIS PLATFORM

More Butter---Better Meals for Less Money.
Brotherhood of All Religions.

A PLATFORM THAT IS AT LEAST CATHOLIC



RUBBRA SIMPLY SAT BEHIND THE COUNTER AND TOOK IN THE VOTES LIKE TAXES

To Rubbra, The News, Toronto:

Congratulations heartily appreciated. Hope you are equally successful in your candidacy for vice-presidency Press Club. Journalists like sailors are expected to do their duty.

Beresford.

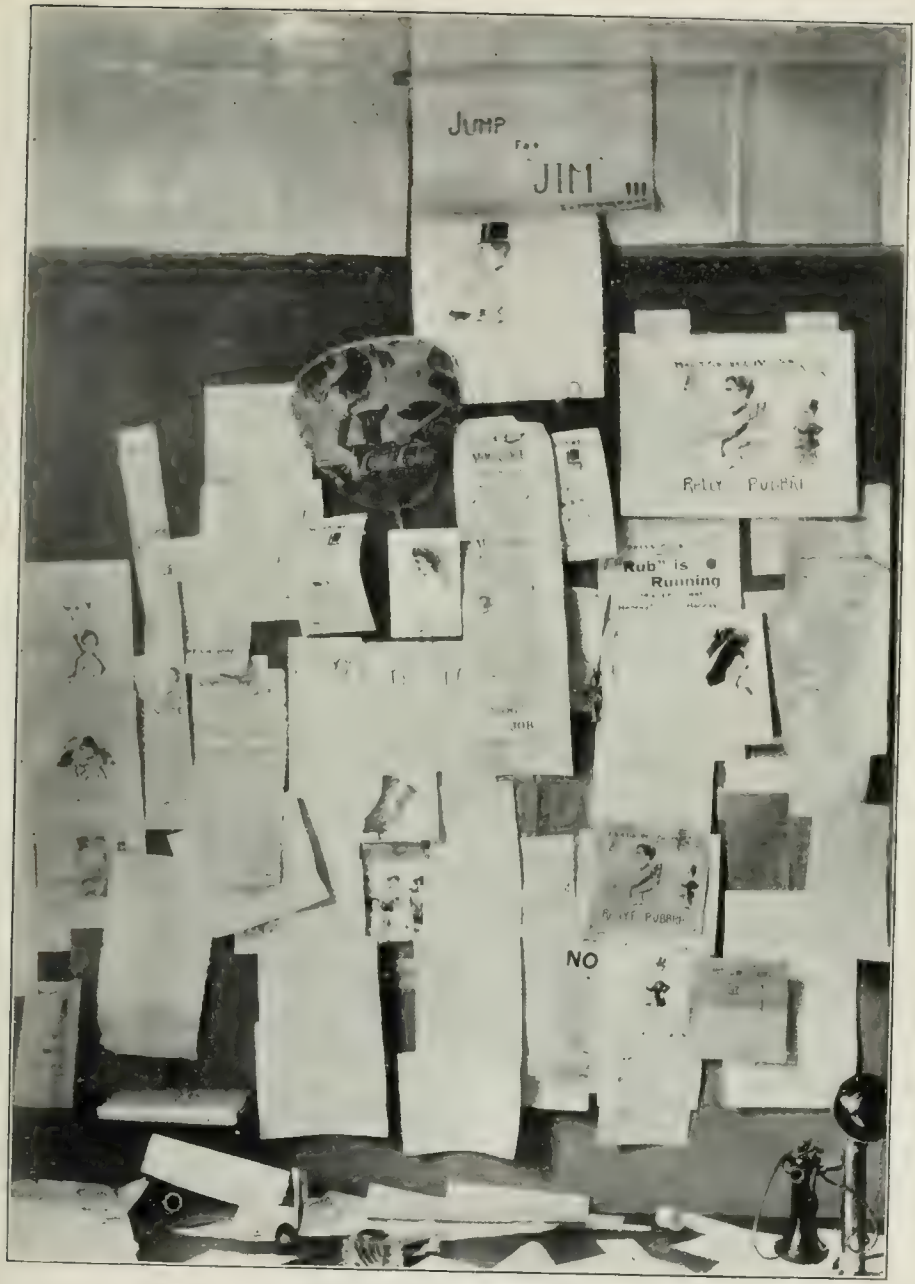
It would have been an interesting study to observe the illustrious admiral's countenance on reading this bluff and sailor-like effusion. Cannon-shot and flying shell may bring no flicker of emotion to his cheek, but there are times when the pen has the greatest warrior on earth looking over his shoulder and undignifiedly climbing a tree.

Forward followed the tenacious Rubbra with a document proclaiming:

Weather clear—track fast—Rubbra favorite.

Rubbra has not signed the pledge. Rumors that he has even contemplated signing it are simply calculated to hurt his reputation. Rubbra's reputation may not be anything to write home about, but he is glad that it is as good as it is, and so much better than that of the church members who are his calumniators.

To traverse farther these mighty pastures of journalism's wit and wisdom is but to spread a wrong impression, and to enlarge an occasional backstairs frolic into the permanent programme of our high-browed brethren. These foolish things they do not, except at intervals, and lapses into folly now and then, hurt neither the wisest men, nor the editors-in-chief. It is enough to say that Hammond, for president, came in first by a neck and a head; Rubbra simply sat behind the counter and took in the votes like taxes.



THE CITY EDITOR'S DESK THE DAY AFTER THE FRAY

The remaining candidates (though they did not remain long) girded their pride with sackcloth and ate ashes.

One day later—such is the brevity of newspaper memory—had you asked the city editor who won the election, he would have packed you off to the Antiquarian library and bade you look up the grand-dad of Boaz or the Diet of Worms.

THE HABITANT'S FRIEND

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "The Last Spike," "Weiga of Temagami," etc.

A friend whose lips lie motionless,
Whose name I breathe, not without pain;
Yet, what rich gifts he left to us—
The cheerful children of his brain;
Leetle Batiste an' Dieu Donné,
Dose feller will not pass away.

You, who have broken bread with him,
Have lingered laughing late at night,
You will know why mine eyes are dim,
With tears that blur the lines I write;
Dere's one, he's fren', I'm not forget—
Dat small Curé of Calumette.

Time rolls, and brings us frost and flowers,
Set changes of the changeless years:
He passed 'mid early April showers
As tho' the world were moved to tears.
De Rossignol sing on an' on.
More sadder now, 'cause he ees gone.

He would not have his friends repine,
He fought, and wrought, and made a name
His work—I'd gladly make it mine,
Believe me, not for wealth or fame,
But just because he had to go
And leave it when he loved it so.

IT IS not complimentary to the wit, wisdom, generosity and good judgment of the real original Canadienne to say here that not a few Frenchmen were inclined to resent what, at first glance, they regarded as "making fun" of the rural Habitant, yet that is true.

Of course these did not know Dr. Drummond, who idolized the Habitant; whose simple life, happy heart, quiet mind and satisfied soul he sang. This burly, big-hearted Irish poet, who could not look into the eyes of a dying deer, was incapable of doing anyone an injury in cold blood. If he caught a carter beating a lame horse over its sore back, he cuffed the carter's ears: not because he wished to hurt the carter so much as he wished to help the horse.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier dialect poet, suffered in the same way until he made men understand. Now he's the idol of Indiana. Dr. Louis Frechette, the French Canadian poet-laureate, did a lot to quiet the early critics in his introduction to Dr. Drummond's first and best book, "The Habitant." Being a poet himself, Frechette saw not only the finished song but the simple honest Habitant who inspired the singer.

Doctor Drummond's dead, but his works live, and will live. He passed away the 6th of April, 1907. He was one of four brothers who came to Canada from Ireland. The father, who had been an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, died shortly after their arrival. From him they got a stout neck and a strong will, the "fight" that has made each of the four sons a force in Canada. From their mother, who brought them up, they inherited a stout heart and a quiet mind. While the other three brothers showed the commercial instinct from their youth, and, later, great business ability, none of them was of a literary turn of mind. As a boy William Henry learned telegraphy, later studied medicine, graduated and practiced for a number of years, until he found himself. To be sure, he had been a poet all along but it came so easy, so natural, that he did not know the real value of the simple songs he sang, which were all the sweeter for their unstudied simplicity. In fact he counted his poems of so little consequence that they might have remained unpublished for years had it not been for the insistence of his youngest brother, T. J. Drummond, now president of the Lake Superior Corporation and head of a number of other great industries. This was probably the only "business" undertaking

of his which had not for its aim the making of money. This was his labour of love. He carried the manuscript himself to New York, and secured a leading publisher for his unknown brother with little trouble, in spite of the fact that a book of poems is the hardest sort of a book to place.

After that it was easy. For a time the Doctor lived with his mother, or she with him, and often, when the other boys made their daily visits to their mother, they had the pleasure of reading or listening to the Doctor's latest poem. The daily visits of these big boys was the joy of the mother who had reared them, until she passed away at the ripe age of eighty-three.

Having discovered himself, the Doctor gradually withdrew from the practice of medicine. For a number of years he gave public readings of his poems, giving much pleasure to his admirers and gaining not a little revenue. The charm of his reading was that he knew not the first thing about the art of elocution. He did it naturally. He was not an elocutionist, when reading he was not even a poet. He was the Habitant telling his story in the Habitant's tongue. The result was that you saw only the Habitant and heard nothing else. Although a sunny soul, full of good cheer, Doctor Drummond had a deeply religious nature, a reverence for all things sacred. He worshipped mostly in the Open – in God's Great Cathedral of Out-of-Doors. Also he was decidedly human. He could express his feelings as forcefully and picturesquely as the average Anglo-Saxon. If he could coo like a dove, he could also roar like a lion. He was a man, strong of body and mind.

IF BEV GILES WENT INTO VAUDEVILLE, HE WOULD BE A TOP-LINER

One evening, finding myself in Montreal, I called at his home in Dorchester street and met him at the door. I wanted to excuse myself, saying I would call at another time.

"Sure you will," he said, taking my arm and leading me down the wide stone steps to the sidewalk. Instead of turning toward my hotel I found myself walking the other way with the Doctor. Two blocks away he turned in at a gate. Here, I made another effort to excuse myself, in fact had said good-night, when he said: "No, no, come in, you can wait below, I'll only be a minute."

I noticed that he carried nothing but a stick. He was taken directly up stairs and for two or three minutes I could hear him joking and laughing with his patient. We made another short call and at the third house the patient was down stairs—not even in bed—but reclining listlessly in an invalid's chair.

As we walked back to his home I asked him, "Do you ever give any other medicine beside this?"

"Beside what?" he asked.

"Jolly."

"Not if I can help it. It's the greatest medicine in the world."

He had more faith in the glad hand than he had in the griping pill. For the logy liver—the Laurentians; for low vitality—the woodland and the laughing stream.

As the years went by he talked less of medicine and more of books. With the exception of this night when we were making the professional calls, I heard him refer to his profession but once. Even then it was to illustrate a point, the point being that the cheque that comes for a poem, while it is very welcome, is not the only royalty or reward. "The feeling that one has given pleasure or help to another is the real reward for work well done," said the Doctor.

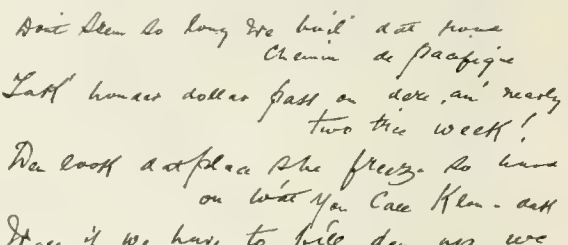
"The other day," he went on, "I was called by wire to meet Mr. Blank who was travelling through in a private car. I called and made him comfortable. By way of showing his appreciation he sends me this kindly letter, and a cheque out of all proportions to the service rendered, but I can forgive him when I read this beautiful letter."

Like the poet he was, he counted the letter of greater worth than the cheque.

Intimately associated with the Drummonds, and at the head of an important branch of their business, there was a young man named Giles—J. Bevans Giles. The friendship between Giles and Dr. Drummond was very strong, and in a way almost pathetic. It was the friendship of an old man for a young one; of a worn and wearied body for one of the huskiest, most radiantly well chaps I ever saw. Giles understood the big-hearted, sympathetic Irishman, and often accompanied him on his woods excursions, staying by him like a shadow and getting first hand impressions of the man and his work. When the Doctor's engagements overlapped, he used to send Bev Giles to fill them, and often said he was the best reciter of French-Canadian verse he knew. A letter from a lady who had consented to take the boy because she could not get the poet, is one of the treasures of Bev's collection. Indeed, though he was an imitator of catholic abilities his long suit was the Habitant.

If an election was comingon, it was considered a great joke to put Giles up to deliver an address to an audience in dialect of both English and French. Here he would use the Habitant dialect, and if a man called out "Parle Francais!" he would hand them a few reams of south wind in faultless Parisian, proving his right to speak for the French electorate, His looks were against him. When he rose before an audience, he made you think of a full moon swinging up out of the desert. But when he opened his mouth, knit his brow and began:

"Johnny Courteau of de mountain,
Johnny Courteau of de hill—"



FACSIMILE OF DR. DRUMMOND'S HAND-WRITING

you knew right away he was a Habitant.

Said a friend to him one day, "Bev, if you don't stop smoking you'll die young."

"Oh, very well," he said between puffs, "I'll have that much more time in Heaven."

If Bevans Giles went into vaudeville, he would be a top liner; also if there is a cheerful idiot on this continent, as the Painted Jaguar remarked, "that's him.' The Doctor and he had splendid times together up to the time of the elder man's death.

Dr. Drummond's hobby was Irish

terriers, his recreation fishing. He was an enthusiastic and useful member of the Society for the Protection of Fish and Game. Many of his poems had their first reading at the annual dinners of this society. He enjoyed fishing, but he enjoyed the woods and waters most of all. He hated the fish or game hog, if so gentle a soul can hate.

The Doctor had an agreeable musical voice, with the faintest hint of an Irish accent. His brother, George, has this also. The poet liked serious poems, was fond of "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" and it was a real treat to hear him read Moira O'Neill's "Boy From Bally Terum," his favorite. If I may be personal, he liked "The White Lights."

The last time I had the pleasure of dining at his home I was the only guest. Over the coffee he said he had a favor to ask. It was that I recite for Mrs. Drummond that bit of railroad rhyme of which he seemed so fond. Of course, I consented, but before I began he called his man servant, a serious sphinx-like fellow, and said to him, "Stand by—listen."

When I had finished he gave his head a scarcely noticeable nod sidewise, and the man withdrew. Then he had me promise to write the poem out and mail it to Mrs. Drummond.

The interesting part of this incident is that it revealed to me his big-hearted democracy, his gentle generosity which included every living thing. He seemed to hold that what was good for the master was good for the man.

Over the cigars, when we had returned to his den he repeated, musing:

"God, only, knows what's at the end—
I hope the lights are white."

When the hour came for me to take my departure for the ten-thirty train, he walked part way with me. When we separated he gripped my hand and said "Good night, good hunting and white lights for you always."

And that was the last time we were to touch hands. When the telegraph told the world that he had been stricken at Cobalt, where he was superintending the Drummond mine, every incident of our last meeting came back to me. I felt then that he was looking along the Line. And, when, three days later, word came over the wire that he was off, I had not a shade of doubt but that he had the right of way; that the Lights were white and the switches right and that his singing soul would glide smoothly into God's great Round-House at last.

THE WANTING LADY

BY MAE HARRIS ANSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. KOERNER

STEPHEN DUNKIRK was irritated; the kind of irritation which just escaped profanity, but found expression in kicking whatever his feet touched and slamming whatever came under his fingers. He was hungry—in itself considered by all humans of the masculine gender as sufficient to excuse any phase of ill temper—it was dark in his shack and nothing seemed to be where he had left it, "nothing" in this case being the single item of his waterpail. At last, he did what he ought to have done first. He struck a match.

"Now, gosh all beeswax, where—" he began, and then stopped short.

Upon the very spot where his pail had stood every day in the month and every hour of the day, save when it journeyed in his hand to the spring, there lay a silver dollar! Half-fearfully, he stretched his hand out toward it, and as his fingers closed upon the metal, proving that it was no hallucination, he dropped into a chair and began

to laugh half-foolishly. After a few seconds he looked again at the coin.

"Now—where in thunder—who in blazes—how in the name of everlasting mystery—did—this—get—here?" he said. He looked searchingly about the shack for evidences of other appropriation. Not one of the simple fittings had been so much as touched.

"Oh, well, go to thunder with it all, I'm hungry!" he said at last, and picking up a deep-bodied stewpan he went to the spring for water. An hour later, as he sat smoking before the open fire, in that beatific condition into which a sufficiency of crispy pork, baked potatoes, hot coffee and a pipe never fail to put a ranger of the wide outdoors, Dunkirk's thoughts turned again, though hazily, to the mysterious disappearance of the pail and the equally mysterious appearance of the silver dollar.

"Huh!" he said disgustedly at last, as he rose and stretched himself and made ready to turn in. "I made a dickens of a row about nothing. Some wanting person of a hunter or a traveler, passing, needed a pail, and took it. That's all.... Deuced decent for him to pay for it at that rate," he drawled sleepily, and pulling the blankets up over his shoulders, he was asleep almost before the words had left his mouth.

By morning, he had quite forgotten the incident, and during the day as he tramped through the forest, it did not once recur to his mind. It all came back to him with a rush, however, with the first touch of his hand upon the latch and mindful of his experience the night before in the dark, he struck a match as he entered, and moved toward the shelf where he kept a candle. No candle was there, but in its place lay another silver dollar. And then as the rays of his lamp lit up the dark interior, he discovered a number of tinned things gone—salmon, tongue, peas and tomatoes—while in their stead a pile of silver dollars mocked at him from the shelf.

"He's hungry—and hiding," said Dunkirk, and with the thought, his pulses thrilled to a sense of sinister mystery. The next morning when he left, the usual military order of his shack was gone. A warm sweater lay on the back of a chair; a pair of stout, homespun knickerbockers hung over the arm, and puttees and thick-soled boots lay on the floor beside them, while matches, biscuits—a dozen camp comforts—were openly displayed upon the table. Then he went out and conscientiously ranged the woods all day, eating supper in the open and returning to his shack only when it was full dark.

With his first step over the threshhold, Dunkirk's foot smashed down upon something that he could feel even through the thick sole of his hunting boot. Without moving, he struck a light, and then carefully shifting his foot disclosed a tiny memorandum, one of the frivols that jingle in a collection of trinkets that jewelers call a chatelaine. For a few seconds, Dunkirk stared at it, dumbly. Then a strange expression crept into his face.

"Hunting Jehosophat!" he exclaimed, turning it over. The heavily embossed cover slipped back of its own weight, and he felt a strange tingling as he read the words,

"Chocolates, auto veil, modiste."

"Yes, it's a woman, sure enough," he said aloud, and then as if awakened from a dream by the sound of his own voice, he exclaimed, "A woman! Good God! what is a woman like that doing out here—and hiding! Chocolates! Auto veil! In the heart of the Riding Mountains! I wonder what she looks like. I wonder if she'll—oh, hell!" he broke off disgustedly. "Here I am, going off my base at the first hint of a petticoat!" And catching up his pipe, he rammed home the tobacco as if it had been the priming of a gun, and flopping sulkily into a chair, soon filled the shack full of smoke to suffocation by his vicious puffings.

It lacked an hour of sunset the next evening when Dunkirk walked across the clearing to his shack, his eyes alight with anticipation. All day, even though he forced himself to range the woods as conscientiously as had been his wont during the two months he had dwelt in the lovely Canadian

wilderness, he nevertheless, had looked forward to the tingle of the moment when he should discover the particular bent for the day of the mysterious Wanting Lady.

He lifted the latch with a feeling akin to that with which, as a little boy, he had greeted the opening of the parlor doors upon the glories of the Christmas tree. Eagerly he scanned his meagre array of utensils. All were there. His eyes roved to the shelf where his store of tinned goods was kept. Nothing had been touched. Even a brace of prairie chickens still hung where he had displayed them.

"She's gone!" he exclaimed at last. "She's gone!" he repeated a few moments later, as he went mechanically about his preparations for supper, from which all savor had gone. And even with the coming of another daybreak, he awoke to a sense of peevish disappointment, and in the same temper he strode a little later through the forest with a crushing of twigs underfoot that proclaimed his presence to all the forest folk within a mile. For more than an hour, he plunged ahead, and then he suddenly awoke to the realization of an insistent sound that had been beating against his ears for some time. He listened for a few minutes, and then a look of mystification came upon his face.

"A dog," he said. "A little dog. Now, why in the name of a war-whoop is a little beast like that loose here in the wilds? What kind of a man—by heaven!" he broke off excitedly, "what if it should be my Wanting Lady!" He turned in the direction from whence the sound seemed to come, and plunged joyously into the tangle of the forest.

For some time the yapping kept up without cessation, and then Dunkirk's heart gave a sudden bound as it was cut short, and all that he could hear was the usual talk of the forest,—the rustle of leaves, the twitter of birds, the creak of swaying limbs. For full five minutes he stood as still as the great tree trunks about him, just where the cessation of the little dog's yapping had left him. And then, it seemed as if life itself returned when once more the shrill, impatient sound fell upon his ears. This time he moved much more quickly, driven by the fear that the sound might cease altogether before he could trace it to its course.

THE LADY

At length he came to the banks of a creek, where the waters of the June

freshet raced in mad abandon over its clear, sandy bed. Just across from him, standing out in startling boldness, was a great rock and from behind this came the shrill bark of the little dog. Dunkirk felt his heart beating in unaccustomed excitement as he splashed across to the jutting shoulder of the great rock. He thought he was prepared for anything he might find behind its screen, but as he rounded the point of granite, he stopped short, literally stricken dumb by the sight before him.

For there, fully a mile from even the suspicion of a backwoods road, was a big touring car, apparently intact, and as ready to respond to the sweep of the crank as if it had only pulled out for a stop along a main traveled road. While he stood spellbound at the astounding sight, a small atom of a Pomeranian went almost mad with indignation, as it tugged and pulled at the strap which held it in leash upon the front seat. Just as he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to take a step toward the amazing apparition, a woman's head lifted itself from the rear seat, and dazed though he was, Dunkirk noticed that her first glance of hostility quickly changed to one of relief.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! so it's only you. I'm so glad it isn't—them."

"So you are the Wanting Lady," was all Dunkirk could say.

"So —you are the man of the cabin," she mocked with mischievous eyes.

"H—how did you get here?"

Her laughter bubbled up as musical as the ripple of the water flashing along at their feet.

"Blew here," she said.

"Blew here?" repeated Dunkirk, stupidly. "But—but—I don't understand."

"Please don't try—oh!" she broke off suddenly with a groan.

"What is it?" cried Dunkirk, as he saw the blood recede from her cheeks. "What is it?" he repeated, but only when he started across the space that separated them did she manage to stammer out,

"It's—it's —my ankle. I turned it day before yesterday."

"Let me see. I know something about medicine," he added as she made a motion of dissent. And before she could frame a word of remonstrance he was beside her and as wholly in charge of the case as if he were a surgeon-general, and she a matter-of-course patient in the most matter-of-fact way.

"So this is why you did not come yesterday," he said at last as he tucked away the end of the improvised bandage. She gave him a quick, searching glance, and then what she said was quite the last thing that Dunkirk expected, in spite of all the surprises connected with her presence there.

"Wasn't it jolly?" she said.

"Jolly? Well, hardly—that is— yes. H-how long have you been here?" Dunkirk was disgusted to hear himself stammering.

"When did you lose your pail?"

"I discovered that I had given my pail in an unfair exchange four days ago."

"And four days by that same exchangement, have I been here,— absolutely happy and free. Never an atom of fear,—but once—and that was when I heard your step and thought that—they—had found me and I should have to go back."

"Do you sense the woods like that, too?" said Dunkirk.

"Oh, in every fiber of me. I have always thought that the phrase 'the call of the wild' was a pleasant little fiction. And only four days ago did I wake up, really wake up. I have traveled in all the civilized countries of the globe, and nothing moved me, nothing touched my very heart until I found myself— alone —in these wilds of Western Canada —and free for the first time really to think my own thoughts. And such thoughts! It seems to me that I never, never can go back now."

Nevertheless, though she knew it not, Dunkirk slept that night rolled up in his blanket, just within the fringe of woods on the opposite side of the stream, and though there were hours during the succeeding two days when he left her to herself, he yet never was for long so far away but what the slightest sound from her camp would

have reached him. In the afternoon of the second day, she awoke suddenly to find Dunkirk looking down at her with troubled eyes. Her pulses bounded with a sudden fear, but she said calmly,

"What is it?"

"They are on your trail. I ran across them awhile ago, but I turned them off—until I had seen you."

"Well?" she said, as he paused.

"Dear Wanting Lady, I can not—can not let you be taken back—unless you wish to go."

"Taken back—where?"

"The asy— the place—that you are so glad to be away from. No, wait!" he said peremptorily, as she made a movement to rise, gazing at him with eyes wide with amazement and alarm. "I love you. If you will trust me and marry me, at once—to-morrow—they cannot take you back. I am not the backwoodsman you may think me. I am—"

"No, don't tell me yet," she interrupted. "Neither am I what you have thought. Man, dear, I am as sane as you are this moment. I have not escaped from any asylum. I have never been kept in that kind of restraint."

"But you said that you blew here," Dunkirk insisted doggedly.

"And so I did." She laughed at the recollection, and then sobered suddenly as she saw the look upon his face. "We were making a tour across Canada," she went on simply, "and a week ago we camped one night somewhere on this creek, higher up. In the night there came a storm—you remember that storm?" Dunkirk nodded. "I awoke to find my automobile running down hill. I don't know yet how it happened. I merely awoke suddenly to find the car in motion, and I scrambled for the steering wheel. I thought I was in the road, and I had all I could do to keep the car to it, and then suddenly that big rock loomed up before me, I turned out, the car stopped, and here it is—and so am I."

"Yes—but—" Dunkirk began.

"What looked like a road was only the dry bed of the creek, and then the freshet came down and washed away my trail."

"By Jove! so it did! So it did!" exclaimed Dunkirk.

"I thought surely they must find me the next day—and then when they did not, I began to enjoy the strange things that began to happen,—and—"

"And now?" said Dunkirk.

"Never mind that just now. Go and bring them to me. No, just trust me and wait. Please—please—dear. No,—wait,—just let me do it my own way." Dunkirk looked deep into her eyes for a moment, and then with his pulses thrilling he turned like a soldier and plunged into the forest.

Half an hour later, he crunched again to the shore of the creek from whence he had gained his first sight of the surprise behind Big Ben, as the Wanting Lady had named the huge rock. But this time, there trailed along behind him a puffing, ejaculating stout man who limped with his left foot, a stouter lady who limped with her right foot and peevishly resented it all with every step, and a thin, tight-waisted, dapper little man, who said nothing and walked correctly, but whom Dunkirk knew was the most disgruntled of the three.

In silence Dunkirk piloted them across the stream to Big Ben, then without so much as extending a helping hand, he jumped lightly to land, and set himself close to the rear seat of the car. When the stout man found himself and the stouter lady and the medium sized man safely on land again and had a chance to lift his eyes and take in his surroundings, he said simply and without apology,

"Well, I'll be eternally damned!"

The eyes of the girl in the car danced, but she coolly extended her hand and said calmly,

"Glad to see you, Henry. How are you, Daphne? I'm sorry that you had to walk so far in the wilds, count."

"My dear!" wailed the stout lady. "Such a fright as you have given us. The count has been so concerned. How you must have suffered. The count has hardly slept a night. We must get you right out of this. The

count has had enough of cross-country touring. Henry, don't stand there with your mouth open like a hippopotamus in the bulrushes. This has so disarranged the count's schedule. Do hurry and do something."

"Don't excite yourself, Daphne," the girl said, in cool, calm tones. "It is all very simply arranged. You and Henry and the count are to go right along and pick up your schedule. I am going to stay here."

"But, my dear!" wailed the stout lady. "That is quite impossible. You can't stay alone in the wilds, even if we would leave you."

"I shall not be alone," the girl said quietly, but the rich color swept over her face, though her eyes did not falter. "I am going to marry this gentleman to-morrow, and spend my honeymoon in the shack you saw a way back."

"Helene Murdock!" shrieked the stout lady. "Have you gone clean out of your senses?"

Helene Murdock! The name startled Dunkirk. It was a name to startle anyone, especially when the owner of it had just calmly announced her intention of marrying one within twenty-four hours. For Helene Murdock was a famous heiress whose reported engagement to a man of title had for months been the choice morsel of international gossip.

Henry's mouth came shut in a sinister line, and both he and the count took a threatening step toward Dunkirk.

"Wait!" said Dunkirk, as Helene caught at his arm. "I am not exactly what I may look to be. My name is Dunkirk. All of you are wearing the famous Dunkirk outing clothes. Had you read the Chicago papers within the past three months, you would know that I have bought three thousand acres up here in the Riding Mountains, where in time I expect to have a big country home and shooting box."

Again Henry's vocabulary failed him, and as he sat heavily down beside his hysterical wife, the phrase seemed fairly to be jolted out of him,

"Well, I'll be dammed to Salt Creek!"

"But mademoiselle!" said the count. "Is this—are you—surely you will be guided by your family. A young girl—"

"I have been guided by my family,—guided straight to this step I am taking," she said with emphasis and a level gaze into the blazing eyes of the Frenchman, that made him grow white inch by inch, and at length bow silently and withdraw to the side of the hysterical Daphne. "Nothing that any of you can say will alter my decision. I am of age. My property is exclusively my own. I am of sane mind," this with a roguish half-glance up at the still astounded Dunkirk, "and I am going to marry Mr. Dunkirk to-morrow. You and Henry can be the right kind of a brother and sister, if you will, and forestall all chatter by being at the ceremony,—or you can make a nine day scandal by leaving me here alone to be married."

"But the announcement of your engagement to Count Roqueville! How can I ever explain it?" exclaimed Daphne.

"Something the way you explained it to me when it was made," said Helene in cutting tones. I never acknowledged it. I have always denied it. I feel under no obligations to shoulder the consequences of your foolish talk. You have lost all hold on me. I never will go back to your ways of life. I never shall care again what 'people' may say, so long as I know I am doing no wrong. Now, which is it to be? peace and propriety that your 'people' will understand, or opposition and scandal that will be harder for you than for me, since you must live in the midst of it?"

In the end, she had her way, and as the crestfallen trio splashed through the creek and rounded the shoulder of Big Ben, she turned to Dunkirk with glowing eyes and as her hands slowly crept from his breast up to his neck, she said softly,

"Dunkirk, dear, what is your first name?"

The King's Wish

By C. G. Marquis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring.

CHAPTER V.—Continued

UST as quickly as his courage had ebbed, it now returned, his young arms grew strong, his eye grew bright and his cheek flushed. With an impulsive hand he sent a note of defiance ringing from the chords. The wolf hesitated a moment, but only for a moment; once more it advanced, and as it drew near José clanged his defiance from his instrument, nor did he cease, though he felt the hot, angry breath almost in his face. Something told him he would not be harmed, and even when the wolf rose to spring upon him he sent forth his most confident outburst.

The wolf rose to spring, but instead of falling upon José he fell upon his back as if he had received a tremendous blow. His bones crashed together under the force of his fall, and when he regained his feet with a terrified howl of pain he limped away crestfallen into the dark shadows of the wood.

José began to realize what a power he had in his hands. A great difficulty and a great danger had been surmounted simply by playing on his harp. If it could make a path through the woods, and conquer a beast that had been the terror of the forest, what could it not do? Already he began to feel that, as the musician had said, he would be greater than the king himself. This thought gave him new vigor, and with quickened step he followed his instrument's guiding notes, never looking back; having no dread of the wolf or the shadows. Soon the trees began to grow thinner, the shadows were less dark, and the giant forest kings gave place to trees of lesser growth. In a few moments José felt a full warm gleam of sunlight on his cheek that told him he had reached the open. He ceased playing, and sat down—not to rest, but to wonder.

There was the fair world spread out before him; the distant city, the distant stream, and the waving fields of grain. Only the night before he had rushed into the woods, his little feet had

been torn by the brambles, his clothes had been rent, and his body bruised. To-day he had come through the same woods barefooted, and yet he had suffered in no way. Could it all be only a dream? No! There was the city before him, the river, the orchards, the fields; and far, far away on a distant hill, he could see the strong palace of the King—the King who had wanted some new pleasure. He had it for him, and at the thought he seized his instrument and began rapidly to descend the steep hillside.

Down and down he went with his protector clasped lovingly in his arms, until he reached the spot where he had made such efforts to keep Fedora's flock from straying away. He expected to see the flock nibbling the grass among the hills, and he had a dread of meeting Fedora. He looked far and near, but no sheep could be seen. He sat down sorrowfully at the foot of the very rock where sleep had overpowered him only the day before, and in the blazing sun began to lament on his harp the pain he had caused the poor, cross old woman, who had, for all her crossness, been very kind to him. Sorrowfully he played with closed eyes, and sweetly the music stole over the mountain side. As he played, two sheep rushed bleating towards him, but he did not hear them, nor did he open his eyes until his strain was finished; and when he did, on either side of him stood one of Fedora's very best and snowiest sheep. The flock, he thought, has strayed away and these are all that are left, but I will bring the others to me; and he played with might and main, but no more sheep obeyed his call.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "these two are all that have been lost. The rest have returned to the fold, and Fedora has been unable to take them to their pasture. I can at least return these to her."

With a feeling of dread—for he still, even with his protector in his arms, dreaded the angry tongue and menacing weapon of his old mistress—he wended his way down toward her cottage. It was his duty. Perhaps his harp might be able to charm even her anger away.

Soon the cottage was before him, and with trembling step he advanced towards the open door. As he passed the sheep-fold, he saw that the sheep were all there, and the two that had followed him rushed eagerly to the gate of the fold anxious to join their comrades. But José did not stop to let them in; fearfully he went to the door. But Fedora was not moving about in the cottage, and to his sorrow he found her on her bed tossing and groaning with aching bones.

Fedora turned towards him, and when she saw him in the doorway, she rose on her couch, and shaking her fist at him, cried: "It's you, you thief, is it? Oh, if I could only get up, wouldn't I cut you into mincemeat? Bring me that sword, you thief, till I kill you."

But José was not anxious to be killed, so he made no effort to comply with Mother Fedora's request. He was, however, very sorry for the poor old woman, and said earnestly, "Forgive me, my good, kind mistress! I did not mean to do wrong, but I could not keep awake, and so I ran away."

"You could not keep awake! Wait till I am strong enough, and I will teach you to keep your lazy eyes open. Here have I been for the last twenty-four hours waited on by Juanita, who delights in telling me that I am old and weak, and that I will soon have to leave my flock and little cottage and garden in her keeping. Old, am I? I'll teach you, you gipsy thief, that I am young enough to make every bone in your body ache. My flock would have stayed out all night but for Juanita; she tended them, and two of my best sheep have been stolen. I suppose you have taken them to your rascally tribe."

José, who had been struggling to get in a word to explain that he had brought the sheep back, at last sat down in despair and ran his fingers over his harp, playing the same air that had drawn the sheep to him on the hillside. Scarcely had he begun to play when a hurried patter of feet was heard on the hard ground in front of the cottage, and in an instant the two stray ones bounded in to José's side.

Mother Fedora, at the sound of the

"WAIT, AND I'LL GET YOU A MEAL FIT FOR A PRINCE"

music, ceased shouting out her woes about Juanita's taunts, José's wickedness, her own aches, and her lost sheep; and sat up in open-mouthed wonder. And when her lost sheep pattered in she uttered a cry of delight and fell back exhausted and dazed.

José ceased playing and said: "Here, my mistress, are your sheep; I brought them from the mountain-side. I will come back some time and repay you what you have paid for me, and the trouble I have given you."

"You'll come back?" cried Fedora. "You'll not get out of my sight again."

As she attempted to rise, she found she had not sufficient strength, and fell back with a cry of pain.

"I am very sorry," said José, "to have to leave you; but I have been given a duty to do, and I must go into the world until I meet the King. I have been sent to him."

"Sent to the King, you lunatic!" exclaimed Fedora; "you have been sent to watch my flocks, and if you leave this cottage I will hunt all over the kingdom for you and chop off your head. You sent to the King! Where did you steal that instrument, you young thief,—and where did you learn to play it?" she added, in a milder tone.

"I did not steal it; it was given to me, and I have been commanded to give its music to the King. But I cannot leave you suffering as you are, and yet I must go on."

"Oh! you ungrateful boy," moaned the poor woman, "would you leave me to die of starvation, perhaps; for Juanita has barely enough to support her own miserable life. Your harp is a rich one; take it to the city and sell it, and come back and live with me. I promise never to beat you again."

"Sell my harp! I cannot, I cannot!" cried José. "It is a magic harp. No one taught me to play it: I need only touch its strings, and whatever I wish will come. It led me through the

forest, and made a wolf rush back to his den when he was in the very act of springing upon me."

"It will give you whatever you wish?" interrupted Fedora. "Then, wish that I be made young and strong again; wish that these wrinkles leave my old face, that my arm become once more fit for work, that my bones leave off aching. Do this, and I will not envy the King his castles and his servants."

"I will wish it," said José, and he took the harp and played. As he played, the warm healthful blood began to course through Fedora's veins; her yellow, shrunken, shrivelled cheeks grew full and young and rosy; her arms worn with toil became round and strong, and her bones ceased aching. She rose from her couch as if she had never known a pain, and stood dazed and stunned from very joy, feeling and looking as young as she had been thirty years before.

She was about to rush upon the harp and embrace it, but José cried out: "No! No! You must not touch it; it will kill you."

"Kill me!" cried Fedora, derisively. "I could break it into a thousand pieces with these arms," and she looked admiringly at the muscles that had so suddenly returned to her.

"No, you could not," replied José. "I saw it dash a wolf from it as though he were a feather. Remember, it bestowed that strength on you, and it can take it from you in an instant. But the day passes, and I must hurry on."

"Not till you have something to eat. It is high noon already, and it will be evening before you reach the city. Wait, and I'll get you a meal fit for a prince."

As she spoke, she bustled about with a youthful activity that made José look with wonder on the instrument that had such marvellous power. But he was still José, and quite a human boy, and at the sight of the home-brewed wine, and the grapes, and the black bread, his mouth watered and his eyes danced quite as hungrily as they had done before the golden and the silver dishes in the woodland cave.

He was soon eating heartily, and, as he ate, Fedora drew from him all that had passed since he left her, and she was often compelled by the strangeness of the tale to doubt his words; but the new youth she had received, the fresh strength and activity, reassured her, and she believed it all. But she was loath to let him leave her, and when the meal was done she begged him to stay, and not attempt to find the King, who, she said, had enough pleasures already; and promised José that he would have nothing to do but sit in the sun and play to his heart's content.

But no pleading could change José's purpose, and he got ready to depart. Fedora, however, was filled with a desire to have the magic harp in her hands, but José snatched his instrument up, and cried out, "Do not touch it." Fedora laughingly put out her hands to seize it. José knew the harp could defend itself, but to save her he rushed from the hut and ran with the wings of the wind towards the city. She rushed after him, but he was soon a mere speck on the road, and she gave up the chase.

She then went to Juanita's cottage; and poor Juanita, bent and shivering with age, could hardly believe it was Fedora; and when her neighbor told her that José had become an angel, and was going about playing a harp that could lead home the flocks, make paths through the woods, send wolves howling to their lairs, and renew youth to people who were on the verge of the grave, Juanita rushed from her cottage to beg him to restore her youth. But José was nowhere to be seen, and she hobbled back, feeling many years older, now that Fedora had become young again; and Fedora joyously went back to her cottage and her toil never again to dread Juanita's taunts about her age.

CHAPTER VI.

José never looked back, but hurried on to the city whose walls gleamed before him white and beautiful. The sun was slowly sinking in the West, and he was afraid that it would be behind the hills before he could get into the city, and the thought that his harp could only answer his touch while the sun was in the heavens made him hurry along at a break-neck pace.

What would he do for a place of rest and an evening meal if he should be unable to make his harp provide them for him? Slowly the sun sank, and rapidly he neared the city, with its great domes glittering in the golden light and the gleaming spires towering in grandeur high above the walls. The sight made José's heart glad. In a few moments he would be in that city, where all people would delight in his music; and all, even the king, would do him honor. He was almost at the walls now, and as they loomed up high and strong before him he saw at intervals little watch towers, where soldiers clad in glittering armour stood keeping a careful guard. He looked about him for the gate, and there, a little to his right, he saw two towers, higher and stronger than the others, and connected by a bridge over which two guards paced to and fro. This, he felt, must be the city's chief entrance, and to this place he hurried. There, sure enough, was an opening, but, just as he was about to enter, the great thick gates moved slowly outward, and with a shrieking of bolts, a groaning of hinges, and a clattering of chains, they closed and shut out the city. He rushed against them in his eagerness to enter, but they moved not, and his little hands pushed in vain.

"Hallo! my gipsy," cried a burly soldier, leaning over the guard-bridge, "so you were going to take our city! We have enough of your miserable tribe within our walls already: you can sleep out on the plains for to-night. Know you not that it is due to you sneaking rascals that our good king compels us to shut the gate an hour before sundown? Under cover of gathering darkness your beggarly people, with their lame legs, their starved looks, their squeaking pipes and squalling stringed-instruments have kept crowding in, to beg and lie and steal, till every corner of the city is full of them. If I had my will I would string you up by the score on every tower as a warning to your friends to keep to their own side of the hills."

But José heeded not his angry voice and cried out the more vehemently, "Let me in, I must get in!"

"You must, eh?" cried the soldier in a gruff laugh. "We'll see about that. What is that you have on your back under that covering? A musical instrument, I should say, from its shape. So you hope to get in to add your racket to the din that makes us wish our ears were stuffed with wool from morn till night. Listen, you monkey-faced brat, and hear what your countrymen are doing!"

He stopped speaking, and José heard harsh jarring notes: the pipe, the harp, the flute, all vieing with each other, each evidently eager to drown the other rather than produce music. Mingled with this music, or rather noise, he could hear the clatter of hurrying feet across the stones of the city, the shouts of mule-drivers as they forced their laden beasts through the crowded streets, the murmur of voices in conversation, and the cries of merchants calling their wares. All these sounded clear and distinct to José's ear, and yet he could not enter.

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by the harsh voice over his head: "So you wish to join your strength to all that din? The blessed saints will thank me for what I am about to do."

As the guardsman spoke he took his great bow in his strong hands, and drawing an arrow from his quiver placed it on the string.

"No, no!" he cried laughing, "you need not turn pale and shudder for your life. The arrow of Lara, the king's chief guardsman, would turn upon himself before it would enter a gipsy brat. No, no! I'm merely going to save my fellow-citizens from many days' annoyance by snapping the strings of your instrument."

He then raised his weapon, glanced his eye along it, taking steady aim so that his arrow in its course should not merely crash through the strings, but should break them all as it tore across them. A moment he paused, laughing at José's terror, and then sent the arrow with unerring aim on its path of destruction. It whizzed with angry swish through the air, and before José could move it struck the covering of the harp. But that arrow, that in

Lara's hands had often pierced triple mail, made no dint on the harp. It struck the silken mantle and fell to the ground, shattered into a thousand pieces.

Nor was this the only thing that happened. As the arrow struck the harp the bow in the archer's hands snapped into splinters and the string burst with a fierce cry. The archer, too, was hurled to the ground, as though struck by some giant hand. His comrade in the opposite tower rushed across the bridge and raising him gently poured some wine between his lips, and slowly he opened his eyes.

"It is an angel or the devil," he cried, "at the gates. Keep them shut! If the very devil is there we must keep him out. Be on your guard, Haro!"

José, as the arrow fell at his feet, tore the covering from his harp to see if the blow had damaged it in any way, but it was still shining beautiful and undinted, the jewels still glittered in all their brilliancy, and the strings still quivered like sunbeams eager to respond to the lightest touch. The desire to play came to José, and notwithstanding the presence of the stern soldiers his hand swept across the strings.

At the first touch Lara forgot his bruises and with Haro leaned over the bridge to listen. José saw them and cried out once more in childish appeal, "Open." They could not resist, and forgetting their duty they were about to take hold of the levers that controlled the gates, when suddenly the dull, heavy groaning of the bolts, the clatter of falling bars, the ringing of dropping chains, warned them that the gates were being opened by unseen hands.

Awe-struck, they stood open-mouthed, while the ponderous gates swung inwards, and the city lay open to José. With delight he hurried through, fearing that the gates might close before he could get inside, and as he advanced he played a stirring song of triumph.

"Humph!" cried Haro, "scratch my leg with your dagger, Lara, for, by my life, methinks we dreamed. I trust no one saw the gates open; if they did we will be given to the crows in the morning. There they clang to again and no alarm has been sounded, thank Heavens!"

"It's no dream, Haro. There is my bow broken into splinters, and here is my hand torn where the string burst. And see my helmet is dinted where I struck the corner of the tower. Lucky I had it on, or I am afraid my head would have been cracked like an egg-shell. But where is our musician? Lost in the crowd; he still plays on, however, and would he were always in the city: every pipe, every screeching merchant, every beggar, has stopped his clatter and listens with open mouth. I wish I could get out of this. I believe I would follow him about the streets as I did the pipers when I was a lad. By our Lady, when the king is gracious enough to give me my pay, instead of buying a gold chain to hang about my neck, I will lay it all at the shrine of our musician, for an angel or saint he is."

"Beware, Lara," said Haro, "you may be doing reverence to the devil."

"Out with you, Haro! Think'st thou that Satan ever heard such music? If he did methinks he would discard his horns and hoofs, give over his stubbornness, and once more become an angel. Had he been an angel of darkness he would never have been content with breaking my bow and string, and cracking my helmet; he would have dashed me to pieces. He is an angel of light, and, though I do not know his name, my unknown saint will be only second in my reverence to our Lady. But listen to the music, it is slowly reaching the market place. I only wish I could spirit myself away from this tower."

As he spoke, José was passing along the streets, playing as he went. When he had passed the gates the street musicians and beggars who had not caught the full richness of his music in the discord and din they were making at first thought it was merely some more skilful musician come among them, and dreading lest the scant harvest of coins would go his way they began to shout and pipe with their utmost energy,

LEAVING THEIR SHOPS UNGUARDED, THEY FOLLOWED AFTER JOSÉ

But José's harp rang out above them all, and one after the other as they caught his music, paused and stood spellbound. Their eyes, too, greedily viewed the rich frame that held the magic chords, but no one thought of that for more than a moment. The music seized them, and held them in rapt attention. Along the street he passed, and the crowd, forgetting their occupations, and leaving their wares behind them at their stands, and their shops unguarded, followed after him, crowding, jostling, trampling on each other, everyone eager to hear the music, to see the player and his magic harp. No sound was heard except his notes, and the shuffling of feet, as men, women, children, beggars, tradesmen, street-musicians, and jugglers madly hurried along after the player.

At length the great square was reached, the square where once a year the king assembled the citizens while his heralds proclaimed in voices of thunder the new laws he had in his wisdom enacted, and the dire calamities that would befall anyone daring to break his decrees. The sun was shining with level beams right into the square, its light falling full upon a broad white marble stone, pure as new fallen snow, that lay in the very centre of the square. It was the King's Stone; the place where the king, clad in a robe of dazzling whiteness, with a golden crown on his head, golden shoes on his feet, was wont to take his stand, while the people knelt with their heads in the dust to hear his sacred commands. No foot save the king's ever stood upon it, and the penalty for trespassing on this sacred stone was death.

José knew not this; he had never

seen the place before, and he was following where the harp led. Right across the square he went, nor did he stop till his bare, brown feet stood on the very centre of the King's Stone. The crowd uttered no cry of horror; under the spell of the music they had not realized the desecration. José seemed to have become transfigured there; in the full rose-tinted sunlight, his bare feet, his ragged dress, his uncovered head, and dark gipsy face were not seen. The harp was everything, and the whole square seemed filled with ten thousand rainbows, for about him was cast a celestial glory from the harp and the sun. Awe seized the beholders; a feeling that they were in the presence of some being more sacred than the king himself took possession of them; and all about him, men, women, and children, lords, ladies and beggars, fell on their knees and veiled their faces. José did not heed their obeisance; he knew only one thing, that his fingers were making the same music that had drawn him to the woodland musician. The sun, as it sank seemed to compel him to play it to rest as it had urged the master in the wood, and José, feeling that he must soon cover up his instrument for the night, played with an eager enthusiasm that held the crowd breathless.

To be continued

SUMMER TWILIGHT

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

ADOWN the hills the shadows drift,
The bees come, honey-drunken, home.
The alder bushes yonder lift
Their treasury of blossom-foam;
The wind comes whispering to us
A song that is too sweet for speech
And roses folding, tremulous,
Are holding converse each with each.

One white star blazes in the sky,
The sunset flings its banners far
Until their tintings fade and die
Beneath the lustre of the star;
The forest purples into black,
The stars march up like homing sheep
That to the fold are coming back—
And all the world is now asleep.

A SILVER-POLISH ANGEL

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. A. NOTEWARE

THE HOUSE which Joe had built was like Joe himself, short and plain and unfinished looking. It stood upon a little hill and had a low, green valley on either side of it. Joe had built it for the tall woman who stood in the doorway, shading her thin face with a large red hand. Half a mile away her eyes rested on Joe, laboring patiently with the new oxen. Beyond him, a gray blur on the green, stood the log house of the Thompsons, their nearest neighbors.

It was satisfying to the woman to know that the Thompsons envied her and Joe their new home of matched pine and real brick chimney; and for a moment the deep eyes lost their hard, weary expression as she gazed. Then the narrow scowl-lines came up again between the heavy brows, and she turned with an impatient sigh to look across the prairie, northward. Here lay a long, long stretch of unbroken loneliness, with nothing to mar its stillness save the twitter of the prairie-chickens, scurrying brown dots of life between green grass clumps.

Often of late, memory had carried the woman back a long distance; back to the old log home in Eastern Ontario. Before it lay the wide, clear waters of a great river. Behind it stood the great trees of the forest. And people had called this spot lonely, lonely with all those voices of wind and waters and bird-notes. Lonely with all the beauties it held.

A hot tear crept down the woman's thin cheek and splashed on the hands that were clasped now; clasped tightly with the nails biting the flesh.

She stood up straight and tall, anger flushing her sallow face.

"I wish I hadn't married him," she murmured, her dark eyes turned upon the spotted oxen and the man who drove them. "Joe and me has both made a mistake, I guess; him thinkin' he cared some for me, an' me thinkin' he'd understand me enough to know—"

Almost Joe's wife wished now that she had married Abner Stutter, the peddler. Abner was one of the very few men she had met before Joe came into her life. Abner had been devoted to her. He had proposed twice before Joe came and once after. He was a little man with a receding chin and big, milk-blue eyes. She remembered how smart he had always appeared in his store clothes and paper collar.

She turned at last, and passed into the house. The soft glow of memories was still in her eyes and she sang in a high, uneven key "There Were Ninety and Nine."

Abner had always liked to hear her sing that hymn. Said it went right to his heart and made him feel like turning over a new leaf. She had sung the same hymn to Joe right after they were married, and he had simply grinned and said he reckoned she wasn't cut out for a singer, but to keep right on practicin' and never mind him.

She dropped into a chair and rocked to and fro eagerly. Joe didn't nigh deserve her, she told herself. She picked up a paper-covered book from the table and leafed it over. It was

entitled, "A Wife's Sacrifice." Joe's wife had read it three times. Its heroine reminded her of herself.

By and by her head drooped forward, and she began to weep as a broken-hearted wife is bound to do; as Agatha in the story had done. When she raised her eyes, Abner Stutter stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Abner—you?" sobbed the woman, hiding her face in her hands.

"Libby!" cried Abner, setting his case of silver-polish on the floor and advancing with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Abner," sobbed the woman.

"You are an unhappy wife," asserted Abner, wiping his weasel-like face on a red cotton handkerchief. "Poor Libby, you are an unhappy wife of three months."

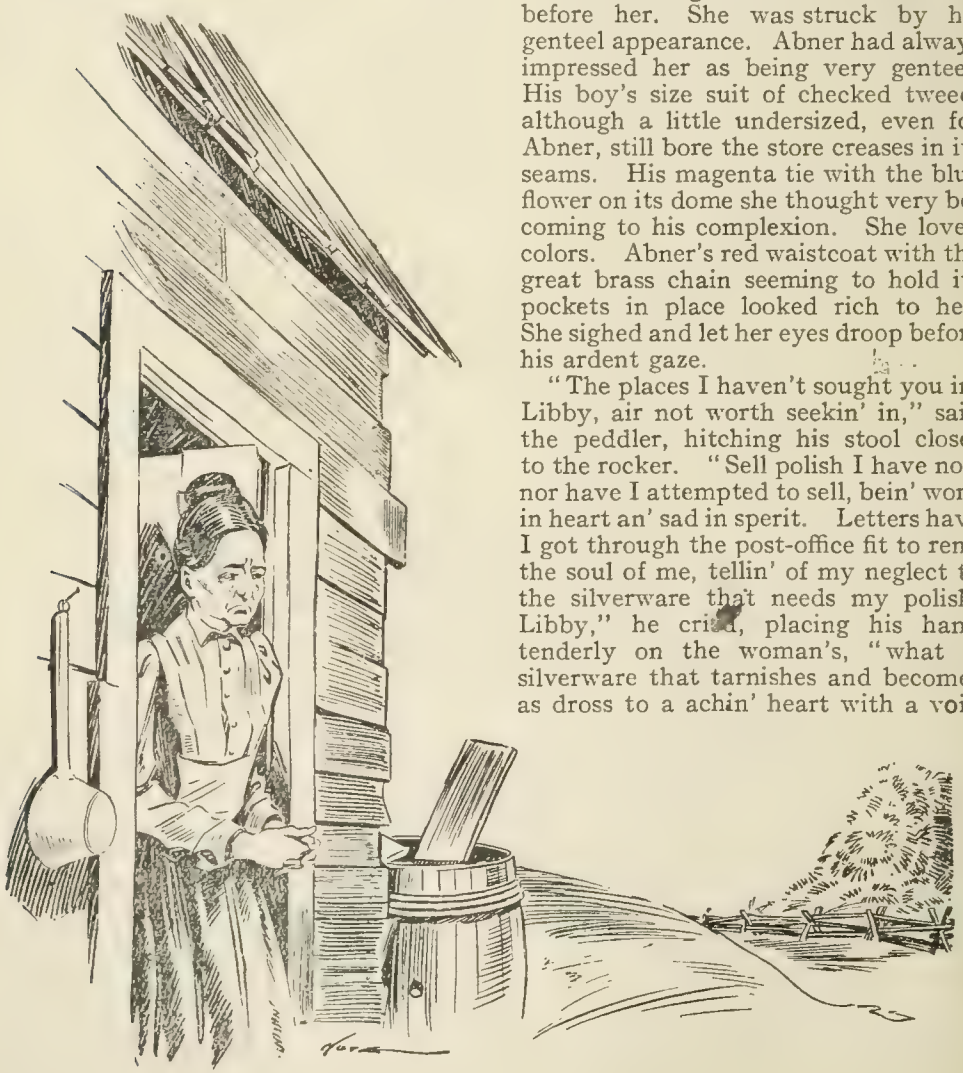
"Three months come Tuesday," sobbed Joe's wife.

Abner laid a claw-like hand on the arm of the woman's chair.

"Human natur is errin', Libby," he said, tapping the chair-arm with a long finger nail.

Joe's wife dropped the apron from her face and gazed on the little man before her. She was struck by his genteel appearance. Abner had always impressed her as being very genteel. His boy's size suit of checked tweed, although a little undersized, even for Abner, still bore the store creases in its seams. His magenta tie with the blue flower on its dome she thought very becoming to his complexion. She loved colors. Abner's red waistcoat with the great brass chain seeming to hold its pockets in place looked rich to her. She sighed and let her eyes droop before his ardent gaze.

"The places I haven't sought you in, Libby, air not worth seekin' in," said the peddler, hitching his stool closer to the rocker. "Sell polish I have not, nor have I attempted to sell, bein' worn in heart an' sad in sperit. Letters have I got through the post-office fit to rend the soul of me, tellin' of my neglect to the silverware that needs my polish. Libby," he cried, placing his hand tenderly on the woman's, "what is silverware that tarnishes and becomes as dross to a achin' heart with a void



"I WISH I HADN'T MARRIED HIM"

"WHAT IS SILVERWARE TO FEELING'S SECH AS MINE?"

in it. What is silverware to feelin's sech as mine, I ask you?"

"Or mine," sighed Joe's wife. "Or mine either, Abner."

"No, nor yours either, Libby," agreed the peddler.

"Nuthin'," sighed the woman.

"Nuthin' 't all," echoed Abner.

Through the tiny, west-end window the golden sun poured its soft light, stealing along the floor and kissing the rude, unpainted table that Joe had made. Out across the board floor it spread until it had touched nearly all the rough furniture in the room.

"Which bein' the case, Libby, it is some natural as I should look you up," continued Abner. "Me knowin' *you* as I do, *you* knowin' *me* as *you* do, and us a-knowin' of your husband as *we* do—"

Joe's wife looked at the peddler wistfully.

"I thought as Joe would have appreciated me more," she spoke, a quaver in her voice.

"Which like is not in his natur' to do," replied Abner. "Joe, boy ner man, was never intended fer you, Libby."

The woman arose to prepare the supper fire.

"Let me do it, Libby," begged Abner.

He came over and took the kindling from her hands. She watched him thoughtfully, towering above him and

looking down upon him with deep, narrowed eyes.

"Joe, he always speaks high of you, Abner," she said at length.

Abner bent above the shavings and scraped a match against the floor.

"Allers when he reads in the *Weekly Blazer* 'bout any man as has done somethin' smart and clever, he most times says as the man in the paper puts him in mind of you."

Abner's match went out with a puff, and he lit another.

When the fire had started, he stood up and ran his slender finger about his neck, under his paper collar.

"Does he now?" he said, his eyes on the fire. "Somehow I never thought as Joe had any particular likin' fer me, Libby."

"Not that I judge he has," said the woman. "Not that I think it's Joe's way to like anybody beside hisself over much."

Abner picked up the novel and leafed it thoughtfully.

"I reckon as you full understand my feelin's, Libby," he said, hesitatingly. "I don't pose fer any more'n I am, and if I've made a success of life, it ain't fer me to brag about it like a amateur. The peddlin' business is a hard life, and one gets lots of knocks and little praise. But what I want to get at is this here: You've knowed me a long time, and you'll say as I've allers played pretty well above board with you. I had hoped you might have got a likin' fer me in time, and I ain't sayin' but that I kept my real feelin's hid from you a great deal. However, I ast you, and you says, 'No, Abner, it can't be,' and that settled it. Then come Joe, and you marry him."

The peddler threw the book on the table and toyed with the penny fob on his chain.

"This ain't no way fer us two to be talkin', Abner," remonstrated the woman, fearfully. There was a streak of pallor in her cheeks, and the hand holding the dipper trembled.

"I ain't goin' to say anythin' you wouldn't want to hear," said Abner, raising his moist, milk-blue eyes to the woman's. "Nuthin' I wouldn't have Joe hear, neither. All I want to show you, Libby, is where I stand—that's all.

"When I heard it, what did I ast myself, d'ye think? I asked myself this here question, 'Will Joe make Libby right happy?' You see, I didn't harbor the least feelin' of resentment toward your man. He was spoke well of and he had some property. All I wanted was to see you satisfied, Libby. As God's above, that's right."

The woman sat down and lifted her apron to her eyes.

"Oh, Abner," she sobbed, "you was always so good, I—I—Oh, don't let me say it, Abner, don't do it."

The peddler gripped the table and braced his slender form.

"Say what you please, Libby," he said, gently. "Or say nuthin' 'tall as best suits you. Only don't let either of us say anythin' as'll add to your cares."

"Why did you come here, Abner?" asked Joe's wife, from behind the apron.

Abner strove to answer; then swallowed hard, and looked down.

"I reckon I'd best tell you," he said at length. "I heered—no matter how ner where—as you was failin' in health and looked miserable! I *had* to come then, and I did come and I found you jest as miserable as people said. I thort it might be over somethin' as I could help you, Libby—help both of you, you see. Maybe, says I, it's money troubles, and what's the use of me havin' four hundred dollars layin' in the bank doin' nuthin' when friends is in distress. So over I comes to help you out, to help you both out, and I find I can't do nuthin' after all."

Joe's wife dropped the apron and looked at Abner with a glad light on her face.

"You was allers considerate," she cried. "You allers was."

"And now," went on Abner, a frown between his narrow eyes. "I can't see nuthin' else but fer you to leave him, Libby."

The woman gasped.

"Oh, Abner!" she cried, hysterically.

"Yep," said Abner, straightening up, "if he can't appreciate the best woman

in the world, there ain't no call on you to stay here and eat your heart out. You've gotter get a di-vorse."

"A what, Abner?"

"A *di*-vorse, which means in legal terms, a separation from your husband, with the right to marry ag'in if you so please. In other words, the puttin' asunder of what God has j'ined together. I don't think as God has much to do with j'inin' hearts sech as yours and Joe's, anyhow," he added, bitterly.

"You mean as we go away from each other and—and forget, me and Joe—forget as we was ever married, and—and—"

Her white face fell against the chair back. Abner went over and lifted her up.

"You used to be right strong, Libby," he said, chidingly. "You've gotter be stronger than you ever was, now. If you ain't happy, why, you ain't a-goin' to stay that way, if I can help it. I ain't askin' nuthin' ner expectin' nuthin'. I'm speakin' fer you alone. You'd best be *di*-vorsed from your man."

The woman was silent for a long time. The sunbeam had crept through the room, and through the stillness was borne the hoarse toot of the McWilliams' supper horn.

"Perhaps it might be best," said Joe's wife at length. "Best fer Joe, maybe, best fer us both, likely. You remember Phoebe Brown—"

A red flush wiped the pallor from her face.

"You don't reckon *Joe* remembers her yet, Libby?"

She nodded. "Joe could right soon marry her if—if we was that you say, Abner."

He nodded.

She arose weakly.

"I can't jest tell you what I will do now, Abner," she said, almost pleadingly. "After supper I will, or tomorrow."

"I can't stay fer supper," said Abner, moving towards his satchel. "Leastways, I'd like to stay, but I might see things as would make me bad friends with your man, Libby."

She did not answer, but spread a white cloth on the table. He took his hat from the peg, and stood fumbling it.

"Joe allers says he feels good after talkin' with you," said the woman, pouring the boiling water in the little pewter pot.

Abner hung up his hat on the peg again.

"I reckon I might as well stay, Libby," he said, hesitatingly. "It might jest be as it might be best fer us all. Guess I'll go and meet Joe."

He passed out, and down the green slope toward the barn. At the alder bush he stopped, and lifted his head. From the house came, in a high, uneven treble, the sweetest song he had heard for a long time. He passed on, humming in a tuneless voice, "There Were Ninety and Nine."

"I DON'T RECKON AS I'D CARE TO HAVE LIBBY THINK ME SOFT, ABNER"

Joe's wife, having spread the table and fried the potatoes, along with the ham and eggs, to a turn, stood in the doorway and watched Joe and Abner come up the path from the barn together.

They were walking slowly, Joe with hands behind him and head bowed, and Abner, boy-like beside his great form with one hand on the farmer's arm.

Occasionally Joe would nod vigorously and look down upon Abner with a chuckle of admiration.

When they entered the room, Joe looked at Libby with a half-bashful, half-shamed expression. At supper he did most of the talking. Abner was strangely silent.

Once during the meal, as Joe helped the visitor to more ham and eggs, he said:

"You won't be gettin' the likes of Libby's cookin' every day, Ab."

And Abner looked up with a smile and replied, "Not many men are fortunate enough to possess a cook like this here wife of yourn, Joe." And Joe blushed. Abner saw that blush. It disappointed him at first. He was chagrined. Then, slowly, unbidden, there came to him a feeling of shame, and suddenly he found himself admiring the big farmer who sat in awkward silence gazing at his wife.

After supper the men sat outside on the porch, smoking their pipes in the restful coolness of the plains. Joe broke the silence first.

"Which same ain't holdin' only in the cookin'," he said, hesitatingly, and in a low voice—not too low, however, for a listening woman to hear, "but in everythin' else likewise, Abner. I don't suppose all women are as good as mine, but they don't jest have to be fer the matter o' that, to make home pleasant."

"You think a right down heap of Libby, I guess," manœuvred Abner, in a casual tone.

Joe looked over his shoulder, fearfully.

"Not quite so loud, Abner," he cautioned. "Libby'll be a-hearin' us."

"Don't you ever tell her how much you 'preciate her, Joe?" asked Abner, drawing his chair closer to the farmer's.

Joe looked at him in surprise.

"I don't reckon as I'd care to have Libby think me soft, Abner," he said, reproachfully. "I don't think as I'd care to have Libby laugh at me any."

Abner lay back in his chair and laughed happily. Then he sat up and gripped Joe's hand.

"You're a dam fool, old Joe," he said, huskily.

Joe sat with a foolish grin on his face.

Abner blew his nose on the red cotton handkerchief.

They smoked in silence as the western twilight had settled down upon the land. Inside, Joe's wife was singing, "There Were Ninety and Nine," as she cleared the supper table. And in the song's cadence there was a new note of gladness.

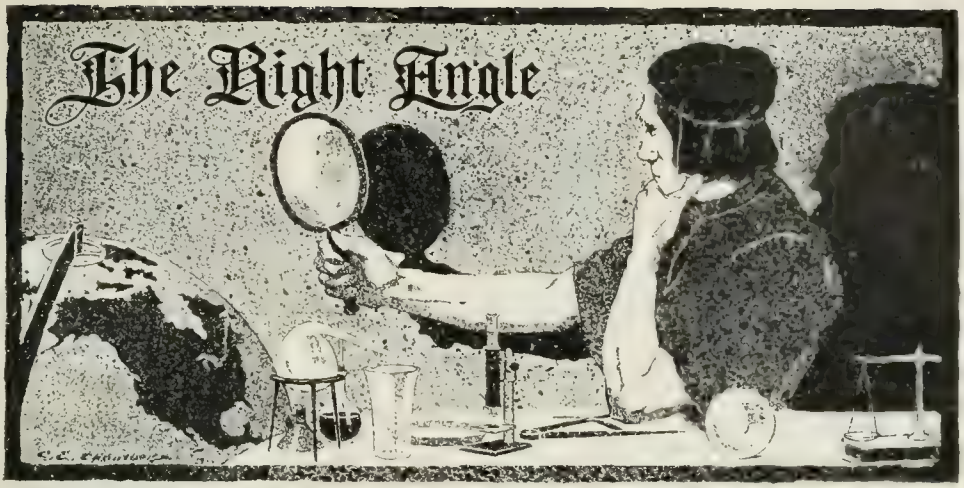
A CONVERSATION

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

A LITTLE road goes up the hill,
And Thistle-down says she,
"I'm off a-gypsying to-day,
Drift up the road with me."

"And sure 'tis nice to go," says I,
"But 'tis not I will come,
For who would feed my cow and cat,
And make my wheel to hum?

'Tis here at home that I will bide,
And thanks to you," says I,
So off went gipsy Thistle-down
A-drifting in the sky,



HAS A MAN THE RIGHT TO STARVE TO DEATH?

SIX charitable societies of England in 1907 sent eleven thousand "assisted emigrants" to Canada. Eleven thousand of the unfittest. Eleven thousand *who had not cared to try* to pull down anything in the wolf-fight of life. Eleven thousand who had given up, and "come on the rate," had acknowledged their helplessness, and floated, unresisting, with the tide. Eleven thousand failures.

Somehow the miraculous air of Canada was to transform these men, was to lend muscles to their flabby arms, vitality to their anæmic bodies, ambition to their listless minds; was to inspire them to build a new success from the scattered straw of their old failures; was overnight to make them men, instead of "assisted emigrants". So it was worked out under the shaded lights in charitable ladies' committee meetings in London. Theoretically, it was a beautiful solution.

Practically, they starved.

Canada needed men to plough, to sow, to reap, to punch cattle and make horseshoes and mill flour and raise fruit. They could do none of these things. The men who had depended on carrying somebody's bag across Blackfriar's Bridge for sixpence, and knew no trade at all, were as out of place as a Sevres vase in a stable. The country was an unknown wilderness to them, born and bred in Ratcliffe Road. They knew nothing of its requirements, and what was worse, *they did not want to.* Moneyless, underfed, discouraged, unused to anything wider than 'Igh 'Olborn, they huddled in the lowest quarters of the cities where they landed, and literally starved to death, while the ladies under the shaded lights were figuring how many more they could send by the next steamer.

Seeing this, Canada made two regulations covering immigration: the first, that immigrants coming to employment other than farm work, or, in the case of females, to domestic service must have in

their possession at time of landing the sum of $25.00, in addition to railway transportation to ultimate destination; the second, that the consent to emigrate to Canada (required by law to be granted by the Assistant Superintendent of Emigration for Canada in London, England, to such charity-aided emigrants as he considers suited to this country) shall be given only to such as are suited for, willing to accept, and have assured employment at farm work.

The English press complains of these two regulations. It contends that Canada is autocratic and overparticular; that Britons never shall be slaves; and that a man shall have the right to go where he pleases and die when he gets there, if it suits him. The gentleman who has never seen a forkful of hay pitched, or done a day's labor with anything heavier than a fountain-pen, waxes very indignant over the East-Ender's right to die in Canada, though his right to live in England doesn't seem to be of so much importance.

But Canada has some rights of her own, according to Superintendent of Immigration W. D. Scott, whose system of controlling, handling, and turning to the best account a great influx of population has become the model for all civilized countries; and we agree with him thoroughly. Month after month, when Canada was wrestling with the problem of the eleven thousand failures dumped on her shores, we protested editorially that immigration should be controlled by law; and when Canada put into effect the two regulations quoted above, we believed, and still believe, that they were the two wisest regulations that ever went on her immigration statutes. We cannot repeat too strongly that immigration of inefficients should not be allowed, not only for the sake of the immigrant himself, but for the sake of the country to which he comes. And whatever the press across the water may say, we cannot see that freedom to starve to death in a strange land is an inalienable right of the Englishman, or that Canada has committed an unpardonable sin in forbidding him to force her to bury his pitiful bones.

EVERY INCH A KING

IT ISN'T every day you can find a genuine bona-fide king on the North American Continent; the highest the average young Canadian can hope to attain is the proud title of "Boss"—yet there is at least one royal ruler in King George's Dominion who goes unchallenged by herald or pursuivant—Peter Veregin.

King Peter is absolute Czar over ten thousand Doukhobors. He looks the part, too. Driving over the trails between the Doukhobor villages, he makes an imposing spectacle to the traveller who chances to meet him. A handsome dark Russian he is, clad in a magnificent fur overcoat with wide lapels of white fur, and a fur cap, that he wears like a crown. His buggy is rubber-tired and shining, his horse spirited and beautifully harnessed, and behind him rides a ragged young outrider, bare-backed on a glossy bay. A commanding and royal figure is King Peter, a personage who might well gain and hold the loyalty of his people.

The "palace" at Otradnoe doesn't bear out its owner's magnificence—at least to English eyes. It is a rattletrap and lurid affair, painted in violent blue and green, but doubtless consider-

ed the acme of magnificence to the King's subjects, who dwell in the typical log-and-clay houses of the region, and confine their colors to the flowered skirts of the women and the red and blue flower-beds in the tiny yards. King Peter spends only a small part of his time there, for he is away much of the time on community business. Recently he has bought 3,500 acres of land near Nelson, B. C., part of the purchase being the beautiful Vaughan mansion and estate where it is said that he intends to reside. He has planted 11,000 trees this year, making 20,000 altogether, 4,000 being prunes, and the rest principally apples. He is operating a brick-yard, saw-mill and grist-mill there, and is planning to secure yet larger holdings of land.

Under his leadership the Doukhobors are unquestionably prospering, and people who know something of these so-called impenetrable folk prophesy that in a generation or two they will be assimilated into thrifty, honest, hard-working Canadians. Their children are beginning to learn English, and some of them are attending academies and getting at least the rudiments of an education.

The next ruler of the Doukhobors will be a queen. She is a cousin of King Peter's and is already known among the community by the Greek Catholic name for the Virgin Mary. Meantime Peter Veregin and his people labor without ceasing, ship wheat, and continue to thrive.

FROM THE SILENT PLACES

THOSE of our readers who were interested in our account some time ago of the huge wood bison bull brought down for scientific purposes by Mr. Harry V. Radford last December, will find the accompanying photograph of the immense beast a curious study. Not only the largest bison ever killed in North America, but the largest animal of any kind slain by man from Cape Bathurst to the Horn, the photograph makes the beholder rub his eyes and think of Brobdignag rather uncomfortably.

Mr. Radford is now somewhere north of base lines on the great Barren Grounds, mapping the country and striking for the Arctic sea-coast at mid-continent, which he expects to reach sometime during the summer. The photographs accompanying this article were taken in his winter quarters at Fort Smith on the Slave River, and were accompanied by a letter telling

PETER VEREGIN
Canada's only home-grown king

something of his experiences during the year that he has spent in the North Country. He has travelled 7,000 miles since leaving Edmonton, 1,200 of them by shanks' mare in moccasin and snow-shoe; has been down the Mackenzie to the Arctic Circle and seen the midnight sun; has hunted wavys at Fort Rae, and had many curious adventures.

Although he confesses that "candidly, poetry is not in my line," Mr. Radford has tried his hand at interpreting the spirit of the north in verse, and we give one of his poems, "*On the Mackenzie*," written while in winter quarterst at Fort Smith.

IN WINTER QUARTERS AT FORT SMITH

Gay halcyon days of golden youth are these
That see me floating on this mighty tide.
So few have witnessed where the northern breeze
Blows strong and sweet beneath the heavens wide.

Strong from the ice-fields of the Arctic coast,
And sweet from woodlands where wild roses grow.
I seem to catch the age-long wanderlust
Of the wild Indian and Eskimo.

Ah, this is freedom! let me deeper roam,
My spirit burns to dare and do!
In truth the wilderness to me is home,
With savage guide, and gun, and bark canoe.

The mountains frowning on Mackenzie's flood,
The eagle soaring in the heavens above,
And the long twilight—all have stirred my blood
And fired my soul with wildest wish to rove.

Onward! I care not though our trackless course
Should lead to north, to east, west—anywhere!
What though a continent we have to cross
To reach the musk-ox and the polar-bear?

Mr. Radford mentions the fact that no one has yet sung the spirit of Northern Canada, although the Yukon has produced a bard to celebrate its mountains and mines. It is surely a country worth a poet's praise.

AN ECHO OF HISTORY

FLINT-LOCK muskets, arquebuses, culverins, and the catapults with which Julius Cæsar used to scare the stuffing out of the Helvetii, are generally bracketed together in the average reader's mind; and it comes as rather a shock when a gentleman of our own day remarks casually that his first job in the gun business was altering flint-lock muskets to percussion. You look at him admiringly, and wonder if he will say next that he was a chum of Hendrick Hudson and used to play baseball on the same team with Rip Van Winkle when they were kids.

It is another shock when Mr. Frank Tobin further explains that the job

THE BIGGEST BEAST SINCE "ALL-THE-BUFFALO-THERE-WAS" AROSE AT THE COMMAND OF THE ELDEST MAGICIAN

began in 1880 at Halifax, that these "modernized" muskets were in great demand among the fishermen and coasting traders of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and that probably some of them are still in use to-day. Spirit of Bertha Krupp! Wouldn't it jar you?

Mr. Tobin is not engaged in the reconstruction of flint-locks now. He is the head of the only gun-making plant in Canada—there is no other, strange as that may seem in such a nation of sportsmen. There is probably not one Canadian in ten who cannot handle a gun, while the propor-

tion is much more nearly reversed in the United States. Yet we cannot buy Canadian-made guns, except from this man who in 1880 bent over a work-bench and altered flint-locks to percussion. That job got too slow for him in 1884, and he left the shop of the Halifax gun-repairer, to study the trade with an up-to-date firm, getting a thorough knowledge of the gun-business, and finally establishing a Canadian gun-plant of his own, which needless to say, doesn't make flint-locks. But it gives one a curious feeling of antiquity to think that some of those ancient arms may still hang in the cabins of the schooners that ply in the fog-haunted waters of the Grand Banks, and even occasionally be fired, with a mighty kick at the reckless marksman who beards tradition and wakes the echoes of history off Sable Island.

Flint-lock muskets! How do you suppose great-granther's sword would look with our Sunday suit?

A MEMORY OF THE RED GODS

IS THERE anything more fascinating than a map?

Not the dog-eared maps in the old blue-backed geographies, with their inconvenient habit of raising questions about population and exports and principal products and things no right-minded child wants to know, but Real Maps, railway, or government, or geological survey maps—the kind you spread out on the floor in spring and weight down with the tackle-box and a bunch of sinkers and get excited over, and end by nearly tearing in two, with your best friend clinging to the opposite edge and vociferating:

"Why, you blithering idiot, can't you see you'll save thirty miles paddle if you take the south fork?"

There's nothing like a map for testing friendship and making the family cat wretched. After you've discussed one with a man and haven't killed him on the spot, your companionship is warranted proof against all weathers; and your household, heaving a sigh of relief, crawls cautiously out from under the gooseberry bushes and takes up the ordinary business of existence once more.

Now every fellow has some particular first love in the way of maps, some direction in which his stick generally falls when he, knapsack on back, sets up the oracle to determine the angle of his journey. One sees his swooping fancy hover over wide brown prairies, quivering in the full sun; another hears the musical drip of fountains in hedged Italian gardens and dreams of blue sky and tinkling goat-bells on the high cliffs of Capri; another lets his fingers rest for an instant on the wide white map-spaces that he knows for the restless Pacific a-rock under the moon; another—well, it's not polite to ask a man to tell his first love, but one of the most cherished maps of my collection is that of the strip of woods and rivers between Superior and Hudson's Bay.

The very names are a calling temptation, a dancing, mocking, elusive will-o'-the-wisp among the pavements and telephones of town. Missinaibie, Maganetawan, Rupert House, Dead Men's Chute on the Namakan, Kawagama—can't you see them, with the warm sun filtering through their pointed firs? A country threaded with brawling streams, jeweled with lakes, starred with still trout-pools, a place to rest and dream, a place to labor with pleasant toil that hardens your muscles and makes you sleep sound—that's my country.

The map of it that I own is decorated in half-a-dozen colors of pencil, and varied with all sorts of landmarks and notations, smoke-stained, adorned with a fish-scale or two, and some coffee-cup rings—a rowdy and dissolute-looking old map, but nevertheless one of my dearest possessions.

This year I unfolded it tenderly, and spread it out on my littered desk. Here ran the boiling Narrows where three years ago Dick and I busted that old birch-bark of Joe Charley's all to flinders; here, marked with a charcoal cross, was the pool where we hauled out such a dandy catch of trout; here the place where we paddled down the wrong side of a rocky little nubbin of

DEAD MEN'S CHUTE ON THE NAMAKAN—A WICKED RUN OF BOILING WATER

an island and spent half-a-day hunting for the International Boundary. Every mark on that map meant a memory pungent and sweet as sassafras.

I laid it down, and looked out across the court of the big office-building at my narrow strip of sky where the last glow of sunset had paled into greenish-grey. In the opposite windows, lights were beginning to sparkle out fitfully, and far across the roofs from the dock-fettered, bridge-bound slave of a city river came the long whistle of a steamer calling for free channel—the free channel that all of us seek at some time in our lives, and so few of us ever find.

With a sigh I folded up the old map, and turned again to my papers.

WILLIAM WHYTE PRESCRIBES

IT has always been the contention of CANADA MONTHLY that mixed farming and stock-growing are the salvation of the western landholder, and it is in this connection that we print a recent statement by Mr. William Whyte of Winnipeg, in which he prescribes this same medicine for one of the standard ailments of the West. Mr. Whyte says:

After the wheatgrower has gathered his crop, there is absolutely nothing for him to do until the following spring. Because of this, we find him leaving his holdings and spending the winter at the Coast, or in California. I think if he could be induced to take up the feeding of cattle in the stalls and the raising of hogs, that it would be a blessing to him and to the great plains country as well.

Years ago southern Alberta was one vast grazing ground. Countless herds ranged there. To-day the great bulk of that land has been transformed into wheat lands. Unless the farmer takes up the work of feeding cattle in the stalls, I do not know where the meat supply of the world is to come from. And take hogs. At the present market price of pork, it is quite possible for a farmer to make his poor grade wheat, or the damaged variety, easily worth three dollars a bushel. Western packers tell me there is no better tasting or sweeter bacon than that raised on wheat. So you can see to what advantage the big wheatgrower could turn his surplus crop, provided he did so without making a regular business of it, and so glutting the market.

The westerner is being forced into diversified farming because of the difficulty in procuring men to harvest his grain. Look at the great crop there now. When ripe, it must all be gathered in a short time, or else the wind will break open the husks and half of it be lost. Last year we took out for the farmer an army of 30,000 men. We had some difficulty in getting that number, and what will the situation be as the acreage increases?

This year the area sown in wheat in the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Sask-

atchewan will be from eight to eight and a half million acres. Saskatchewan alone will have about four million six hundred thousand acres, and there are ninety million acres of arable lands between the forty-ninth and fifty-fifth parallels of latitude in that province alone. We have only touched the fringe yet.

Coming from a man who has been in active touch with Western Canada for so many years, this statement carries real authority, and merits the thoughtful consideration of every citizen of the West who is interested in Canada's future prosperity.

THE PURE MILK QUESTION

MANY readers of CANADA MONTHLY have commented favorably on and given support to our appeals for pure milk legislation, and it is with interest that we note the importance which has been given to this subject by the Canadian Medical Association, which recently met at Toronto.

Dr. J. C. O. Hastings, introducing the report of the Milk Commission, said that the reason for existence of the Commission lay in the present lamentably large infant mortality, and the fact that at least fifty per cent. of those who die under the age of five years, do so from some kind of stomach disorder or kindred preventable diseases, and that under the age of two years the proportion was ninety per cent. There was no problem in preventive medicine of greater significance than that of removing the dangers which exist in the ordinary market milk. Because one child had died from rabies, every dog in Western Ontario had been muzzled. Why were not some stringent measures taken to save the five thousand children under five years of age who at a conservative estimate might have been saved to Canada by preventive measures last year out of the ten thousand who died? Certificates were required before druggists, doctors and even undertakers could practice, but any ignorant foreigner who was willing to do the work could come in and milk the cows and send out the milk which filled the coffins of the undertaker.

WILLIAM WHYTE
Mixed farming and stock-growing, according to Mr. Whyte, are what the Western farmer must develop

The Commission had tried to secure legislation from the Dominion Parliament and the Local House. The Federal House was limited to the power of defining what certified milk, milk, and officially pasteurized milk were, but they had assured the Commission that when these definitions had been sufficiently adjusted by them to the satisfaction of Professor A. McGill, Dominion Analyst, they would be incorporated in the adulteration act. They had also tried to co-operate with the dealers, and they had found these when properly approached quite willing to do all they could. Two years ago a pint of certified milk could not be purchased in Toronto, while now 470 quarts are sold daily, as well as 36,448 quarts of officially pasteurized milk, 4,956 quarts of pasteurized cream, and nearly 200 quarts from the plant of the Hospital for Sick Children. Altogether 42,074 quarts of what they could guarantee as being free from disease-producing germs were being sold daily in Toronto, almost half of its milk supply.

During July and August, the most dangerous months of the year for babies, extra precautions should be taken by every father and mother to see that the milk supply is properly handled.

EVERY CITIZEN OF WINNIPEG IS A HORSE-LOVER

A FIVE-MILLION-DOLLAR MEGAPHONE

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE comes a time in every nation's existence when she must rise up and wave her arms and yell to attract the attention of the world. She may have the gold of Ophir, the spices of Arabia, the jewels of Cathay, and the Great Behemoth of Holy Writ drawing her gang-ploughs, but they avail her nothing. The world is too busy eating and working and making love to go on independent investigating tours. It must be clouted on the head with her facts, must see them blazing before it at every turn, must be driven at the point of her advertising pen to look up between mouthfuls and see what she has to offer. Just to see—that's all the persuasion needed. Then, and not until then, will it recognize her riches and her strength.

It is indisputable that Canada has the riches. They have been accumulating in the rich, black soil of her prairies since the dinosaur played tag with the pterodactyl and left clawed footprints on Superior's sands. They have been gathering in the hills for centuries until gold and copper and silver and lead and antimony and a dozen other precious metals lie hidden away in shining veins beneath the roots of her pines. They swim in her sea, and leaf in her forests,

BOUND BY THE COMMON TIE OF A BAG OF PEANUTS AND A GRIN

THE HOME-STRETCH—COME ON, YOU BEAUTIES!

and graze on her buffalo-grass, and smell at the bait in her half-breed trapper's snare, and lurk in the spray of her ten-thousand horsepower waterfalls. Where in the old countries a hundred mouths fight in the streets over a penny loaf, in Canada there are loaves to spare for all the world.

But fresh-baked loaves, crusty and brown and smelling like warm ambrosia don't grow in umbels on timothy-grass, even in Canada; and what she needs is men to break her sod and sow her wheat and achieve the sweet miracle. She needs every one of those hungry mouths to develop her resources and eat the resulting bread. And, observing that they are too busy fighting for their crumbs to heed her call, she is buying herself a five-million-dollar megaphone and going seriously into the calling business.

The International Exposition, or Selkirk Centennial, to be held in Winnipeg in 1914, is the megaphone on which Canada depends. There is not a right-minded Canadian who does not believe in it as the best means of getting Canada's goods before the world. Of course there are some opposing voices, as there always are in any big movement, but they are rapidly becoming converted. Not long since Mr. Hugh Sutherland, of Winnipeg, met one of these protestants in a smoking-room, loudly expressing his opinion that "the scheme was all right for the West, but for the East—all bally rot."

"Ah?" said Mr. Sutherland, blandly. "May I ask what business you are in?"

The protestant was a bottle-maker of Ontario, and he didn't see any good any Exposition was going to do him.

"No?" said Mr. Sutherland. "Well, I am a bottle-buyer. At my mineral-water plant, I use so many thousand bottles a week. Yet am I on your order-books? Did I ever buy a single bottle from you?"

"Sutherland?" said the bottle-maker, pricking up his ears. "Why no, I don't think you ever did. Why don't you try us? Now our bottles—"

"In the first place, I don't know about your plant. In the second place, I am able to get the kind of bottles I need from only one city. That city is Milwaukee. I ship them across the line, and pay extra on every bottle. I would greatly prefer to buy them in Canada. But you don't make them."

"But—" began the bottle-maker, hunting for his catalogue.

"Now," continued Mr. Sutherland, "if at the Exposition you had an exhibit of bottles and I had an exhibit of mineral waters, you would find out the kind of bottles I needed, and I would

ORANGE-PEEL AND BALLYHOOS ARE PART OF THE CHARM

find out that you would make them for me, and if the gates closed without your having landed my order, it would be the fault of your salesman. That's one thing the Exposition is going to do."

"Hm!" said the bottlemaker reflectively, and was silent for at least ten minutes. Then he took out his check-book. "Look here," he demanded. "Can I book two hundred square feet of exhibit-space at that Exposition?"

Canadians in general believe in the World's Fair idea strongly, and believe in it to the practical extent of going down into their clothes for money to help it represent Canada worthily. The citizens of Winnipeg believe in it enough to raise by municipal taxation the sum of half a million dollars. In addition to this, they have already raised two hundred and fifty thousand by private subscription, and they will double this amount before the end of the year. The rest of the Dominion, equally enthusiastic and equally generous, it is hoped, will pledge the sum of four millions as follows:

Dominion Gov't Grant.	$2,500,000
Province of Manitoba	250,000
Transportation Companies . .	1,250,000
	$4,000,000

The Provincial, British and Foreign Governments will put at least as much more into their buildings and exhibits.

BUILT ALONG THE LAKE-SHORE, THE EXPOSITION CITY LOOKS AIRILY OUT TO SEA

at the Exposition. Boards of Trade and mayors of all the leading cities in Canada will co-operate with the press, the railways, the manufacturers, the farmers and every other good Canadian down to the smallest newsboy on Portage Avenue to "help holler for Canada" with all the force of their individual and combined lungs. The world will have to stop and look up, and possibly even miss a mouthful or so, to discover the source of all this racket. Once realized, Canada does not worry about the future. That will take care of itself.

Although the International Exposition is still four years away, Canada has been in training for it with her numerous provincial exhibitions and fairs, which on account of the approaching International show, are being featured even more than usual this year. They are all the familiar fairs of common custom, where one hears:

"Come on! Come on! Come on! Bring the children and let them ride on the little horses. The greatest exercise in the world! Here they are, the cute little ponies, the delight and joy of the child, to be remembered for an entire lifetime! Come on! Come——"

"Peanuts! Fresh roasted peanuts! Five a package! Chorkluts! Choon gum! *And* Crackerjack! Only five a package!"

"This way for the Seven Singing Sisters; this way! Most refined act and mee-lodious music. Seven Beautiful Singing Sisters! Step up! Step up! Step up!"

Fair time! Orange peel, peanut shells, merry-go-rounds, roller coasters, prize pumpkins, log-cabin quilts, mammoth swine, cattle with ribbons on their horns! Sleek and glossy horses, prancing divinely and making their grooms dodge. Pretty girls in flowered hats and ribbons. Young men writhing under stiff collars. Sun-browned and broad-shouldered farmers mixed with slight-boned and sophisticated city folk; all out for a lark, all laughing, joking, good-natured, bound with the common tie of a bag of peanuts and a grin. There's no time like fair-time, and no crowd like a fair crowd for having a good time and finding a joke in everything.

At least four big fairs will be held in Canada this summer: the Provincial Exhibition at Regina, the Alberta Provincial Exhibition at Calgary, June 30th to July 7th; the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, July 13th to July 23rd; and the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, August 27th to September 12th.

The Alberta Provincial Exhibition is principally devoted to agricultural products. Out in Calgary they are too busy raising Alberta Red and prize steers to get away from them even on a holiday. The acre yield competition, the milking-machine demonstration, exhibits showing the grading up of native stock with purebred stallions, demonstration of various grades of commercial cattle—these are the things they feature on the banks of the Bow. The Dominion Forestry Branch is also using a portion of the exhibition grounds as a demonstration plot to show the possibilities of tree planting on open Alberta prairie. The trees will be made a permanent exhibit, being allowed to grow from year to year as an example of the possibilities of Alberta soil, and the grove will be another unanswerable argument for the skeptics who have pooh-poohed the idea of arboriculture on prairie sod.

Every district in Alberta has its wheat record, and a great many entries for the acre yield competition will be made. The amount on an acre must be shown, the average must have been taken from the entire field, which must not be less than ten acres in size, except in the case of flax, which must be at least five acres. The grain from each field will be piled in a huge mound in the agricultural building; the piles will be judged, and then arranged in order of merit. Sixty per cent. for quality, twenty per cent. for purity, fifteen per cent. for quantity of yield and five per cent. for acreage will be the basis of judging.

The milking-machine will be in charge of Professor W. J. Elliott, Superintendent of the big demonstration farm at Strathmore, and a herd of twenty cows has been secured so that the machine may be observed in full action. Other interesting features will

A STABLE-FULL OF STEEL HORSES

INDIAN RACES AT CALGARY ARE WILDLY EXCITING AFFAIRS

be an art exhibit of paintings and china, a remarkable collection of Indian beadwork and wearing apparel, and a reproduction of the Blackfeet Indian treaty of 1877.

The Regina Exhibition is also typically Western-Canadian, with its show of prize stock and farm products, and various new attractions. According to the manager, they have everything caged except Halley's Comet, which bit through the bars one night and got away.

In Winnipeg they tell a story of a country boy who came to the Industrial Exhibition, and walked home without a cent in his pockets. Later, he retailed his adventures to his less lucky friends. He told of the races, the prize farm-products, the fire-works and the bands. But for the circus and the hippodrome he sought describing words in vain.

"It was great!" he said. "Man, it was great! Why, I hadn't been in there fifteen minutes when whizz! went a quarter!"

Western Canada has grown so rapidly that a seven-days' fair will not content her any longer, and ten days have been set apart in which quarters may whizz as fast as their owners please. The horse-show and races will be an especial feature this year. Winnipeg is famous for the class of pleasure and driving horses owned by its citizens, and remarkable for the quality of horses seen on its streets in the harness of burden, hauling the heavy loads of commerce. Every citizen of the community is a horse-lover, and yet the harness classes of the exhibition have in past years gone almost without recognition because of the time and place that has had to be utilized for their showing. All this has been done away with under the new arrangements provided, and the two afternoons on which the heavy-harness horses will have their innings before the great grandstands will be the most brilliant days of the exhibition.

The racing card's feature will be the start of The Broncho, 2.00¾, and the finest piece of racing machinery owned in Canada, to beat her own, the track and the world's record for a mile, over a half-mile track. On the opening day of the fair, however, the auto is king. Automobile races will be in order, and a list of automobile features have been scheduled for that day. There is to be a utility contest among stock models of various kinds, an automobile parade, and auto races.

In Toronto during the Canadian National Exhibition, there rises on the lake-front an independent city of ten thousand people, exclusive of spectators—the people who manage the big show. Laid out in streets, equipped with post office, telephone system, police station fire-halls, banks, telegraph office, restaurants, rest-rooms and all the paraphernalia of a modern city, the Exhibition City fulfils all the requirements of a flourishing metropolis and is national in more than name. Its exhibits come from all parts of Canada. The provincial governments of the different provinces send collective exhibits, showing the natural products of the province. British Columbia shows her fruit, her fish, and the yield of her fields and forests. Saskatchewan shows the wheat from her prairies, and the others those sources of natural wealth on which they base their claims to a great future.

During the thirty-one years of its existence, the Canadian National Exhibition has grown and prospered until it has a fine permanent exhibition plant. Its grounds consist of two hundred and sixty acres of land along the lakefront, which are used as a city park most of the year. In the heart of Toronto, the exhibition city has been built of brick, stone, concrete and steel. Stabling will be provided for fifteen hundred horses, twelve hundred cattle, nine hundred sheep and six hundred swine, and a live stock arena to cost one hundred and ten thousand dollars is to be added. The total value of the exhibition buildings is placed at two millions of dollars, and it is proposed to spend three hundred and twenty thousand dollars more in immediate additions and improvements. The attendance last year totalled seven hundred and fifty-two thousand, and the exhibition pays an annual surplus of from thirty-five thousand to fifty

thousands and dollars to the city of Toronto which provides the grounds and buildings.

The Grenadier Guards Band from England will be one of the interesting features, as it is one of the four great military bands of the British Empire, the others being the Coldstream, the Scotch, and the Irish Guards Bands. Ten massed military bands will take part in the nightly tattoo.

But what's the use of enumerating? Everybody knows the lure of the fair—it is as distinctive as the sawdust smell of the circus to the small boy, the smoke of trains to the traveller, the sight of a dream of a hat in a milliner's window just before Easter to the feminine heart. The spieler and the barker and the leather-lunged popcorn man will all blossom on the cinder paths. Father has promised to take the children, and will have a better time than any of them when he gets there. Mother is found in the cellar with a candle at unseemly hours, walking round her preserve-shelf and trying to decide whether the crab-apple jelly or the peaches look best. And as for sister, she is forty fathoms deep in a flowered organdie trimmed with lace and insertion in which she will look like a June rose; and if a prophetic fairy godmother is to be believed, she will come home in Frank McIntyre's shining new buggy, with a ring on the third finger of her capable left hand.

And the beauty of it all is that it boosts all Canada. These exhibitions are vital factors in making the Maple Leaf Land known to the bread-hungry over seas. Not only do they show to the city dweller the resources of the country but they touch the men of the soil as nothing else can do. The crudely-written letter of Alfred or Ivan or Karl or Luigi telling the folks at home what he saw at the big fair is of more interest to them than all the embossed booklets and four-sheet posters and stories in the papers of crops and conditions. These so rarely reach the relatives in the old country cottages—but when Alf, who used to live neighbor to them, writes so and so, why they pack their goods and come. And after all, the brothers and cousins of Alfred and Ivan and Karl and Luigi are the people Canada needs, men of muscle and brawn, who are at home between the stilts of a plough, and whose almanac is the cloud-shifting face of the sky.

Blessings on the fair! Hang the expense—let's have another bag of peanuts!

MINARET AND MOSQUE—BUT THE MUEZZIN IS SELLING PEANUTS INSTEAD OF CALLING TO PRAYER

IN A REMINISCENT MOOD

BY JOHN E. FORSLUND

WITH PHOTOGRAPH

THE Winnipeg papers are full of enthusiastic plans for the Centennial Exhibition to be held in 1912. This spirit of celebrating early events has so filled the atmosphere that it turns my mind back to the twentieth anniversary of my arrival in this country, particularly in connection with my short stay in Montreal. Something happened to me then and there that might have been buried in the sands of time, had not an item in the Winnipeg Free Press police court news brought it up.

JOHN E. FORSLUND

A barber had undertaken to clean up the face of a subject who fell asleep in the chair, in which condition he was put through everything the barber could think of. When he waked up he had undergone a wonderful change, for besides being shaved, shampooed, singed, haircutted, seafoamed, herpicided, massaged, cold-aired and powdered, his eyebrows were colored a beautiful, "reverberating", glossy color. He was a Galician and because he did not understand why his bill was three dollars and seventy-five cents, he took the barber into court to have it explained. It came out during the trial that he had not long ago crossed from Antwerp to Halifax in steerage.

The incident brought to my mind the circumstances of my own traverse from Norway to Halifax, and my subsequent journey to the west. The very smells of the ship seem suddenly to pervade the atmosphere and the moving picture gallery contained in the recesses of my brain throw out on memory's canvas films which vividly picture the miserable conditions under which emigrants used to be transported from the Scandinavian countries to Great Britain on the steamers of the Wilson line who then, as now, had the monopoly on the North Sea. The cargo room was converted into a large barrack, where the sexes were thrown promiscuously on the soft sides of planks covered with straw. The governments of Sweden and Norway might have insisted upon better accommodation but as they are inclined to discourage emigration they do nothing about it, and although the journey only occupied forty-eight hours, its horrors are still very vivid. Food was of the same "high quality" as the rest of the accommodation and the stewards so adapted themselves that the whole should form one dire picture, never to be forgotten. While on the Atlantic ocean things were much better, they could in no way compare with the present accommodation on a modern liner, for instance the stately Empresses, with dining rooms duly laid at

meals, pianos, children's play grounds, and private sleeping rooms instead of the large common one.

The traverse on my old ship, which took fourteen days to Halifax, was favoured by splendid weather. Desirous of improving my English, for which a foundation had been laid in the gymnasium and by private study, I talked to as many as would listen to me. After a while I was rather sought after for my conversation and at the time I looked upon myself as quite a wit. A few months in Winnipeg taught me the reason why, but the experience paid me for having been played with.

When I reached Montreal I found it was necessary to lay over one day. Being somewhat dusty after a night spent on the hardwood seats of a colonist car, and thinking my hair looked a little ruffled, I went into a barber shop in the St. Lawrence Hotel. My cash assets at that time consisted of two English gold pieces, worth about $2.50 each. One of these went into the roomy pockets of the hotel proprietor, and the other was disposed of in a more fascinating way. I informed the barber as haughtily and independently as possible that I wanted a "haircut". It tickled me to hear the question he threw back at me.

"Did you arrive from New York this morning?"

It is easy now to understand how one's importance would be magnified by being taken for a New Yorker after a night spent on the "slats". My barber kept on talking and succeeded in bewildering me and, I think, mesmerizing me.

After my hair had been cut, I was asked if I wanted a shampoo. Now, Dickens' Christmas Carol had been the standby in my English studies, but this word did not occur in that delightful story. However, rather than parade my ignorance, I would certainly have a shampoo. This being administered during some further conversation by the barber, I was again taken unawares by another question.

"Do you want your hair singed?"

This expression also being absent from the Carol and consequently unknown to me, of course I would be singed. After that I could not resist a shave, though the hairs on my face were as far from each other as the trees in a second year growth on a timbercut along the C. P. R. main line rounding the Lake Superior division. After a darkey had finished me off with three distinct knocks with a long handled whisk, I produced my half sovereign and received back as my share seventy-five cents.

Not having been asleep, I could not forestall the example of the Galician in Winnipeg, but retired with as good grace as possible. I did not at that time know of the expression "easy mark", although I now know I fulfilled the requirements of it to the last letter.

It is best not to dilate upon the manner of travelling from Montreal to Winnipeg with seventy cents as means of sustenance. As a matter of fact I do not recollect much more than that I repeatedly ran my fingers through the hair which had so suddenly become costly. One thing I do remember. Upon arrival at Winnipeg in the crush in the waiting rooms I succeeded in stepping hard on the big toe of a fine looking gentleman who said something with an accent I had not heard before Later on, however, I found out that the expression was quite common, the accent Scotch, and the owner of the toe was Mr. W. Whyte, then General Superintendent.

MID-CHANNEL

ZOE BLUNDELL and her husband in *Mid-Channel* are victims of a disease that is both modern and as ancient as Lilith—the man-and-woman feud, the microbe of which is latent in nearly every household. Some smother it entirely, while others allow it range only occasionally, with accompanying courtesy—but the Blundells were ruled entirely by it until it was accepted by all their friends as a settled condition. Through all their quarrels, misunderstandings and attempted reconciliations, the pitiful fact is that had either one possessed the slightest atom of self-control, it might have been so different.

In spite of Zoe's weakness, impulsiveness, superficiality and selfishness, our hearts go out to her, and as played by Miss Barrymore, she grips one's sympathies to the very end, when she takes the only way out of it all for one of her character.

Zoe wanted to be happy, and she makes us want her to be happy; and had she had a normal outlet, such as children and a real home, instead of a great, big, gaudy house, we feel that she easily might have been a real woman instead of a bit of fascinating nothingness, dressed up in pretty clothes, scattering crumbs to her "tame robins." Played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Alla Nazimova, or other actresses one might name, the audience would probably have left the theatre thinking, "Silly little fool! Served her right!" but Miss Barrymore's understanding interpretation makes one rather feel, "Poor Zoe! If she could only have had another chance!" In doing this, Miss Barrymore has accomplished something really fine and worth while.

Zoe's philosophy towards the last, when it is too late to alter their lives, points the moral of the play. She says, "Our married life was doomed from the very beginning, when we promised ourselves that we would never be bothered with any brats of children." And then she adds, "We forgot about the time when we would need some other interest than ourselves."

In the beginning, they had been happy, when they lived "up north in Fitzjohn's Avenue," but they got on in the world, and financial success enabled them to move to more fashionable quarters.

Theodore Blundell bought his wife many pretty clothes, a fine big empty house with numerous servants, and then he thought his obligations ceased. He becomes middle-aged and stogy, heavy in mind and body, and when taken to task by Sir Peter, the mediator, he roars, "Why, my wife is the smartest dressed woman in London—what more does she want?" But as Peter presses the subject, he shouts, "Must I play the dandy always? Her gowns please me—so I keep still about them. I'm proud of her—but must I always

ACCORDING TO THE CRITICS, ETHEL BARRYMORE HAS SCORED HER GREATEST SUCCESS IN *Midchannel*

tell her? What a silly ass I'd be. Why—there comes a time when horses want to quit prancing and settle down to a steady trot, and I'm there."

Through Sir Peter a reconciliation is nearly consummated, when they quarrel over travelling expenses and the hotel they will stay at, and Blundell informs

his man, "Pack my bag! I'm not sleeping at home to-night." And then the tragedy begins. In spite of their incompatibility they really love each other, but find solace for their bruised hearts elsewhere; he flamboyantly, with a notorious woman, she quietly, with one of her former tame robins, who had followed her and finding her ill, uncomforted, and piteously sad, gains her consent with the promise of marriage when her freedom shall have been given her.

Again Sir Peter pleads, and as both have broken off their illicit loves, a real reconciliation and reconstruction seems imminent, for Blundell confesses and is freely forgiven. But when Zoe's story is dragged from her, he thrusts her from him and they are hopelessly apart.

Nothing is left except a return to her lover, but she finds him trying to be nice to the girl he ought to love, and cold to the woman he found so sweet a little while ago. So as she hears her husband's foot on the stairs she disappears into the next room, and presently is discovered to have thrown herself headlong from the balcony into the court below. Poor Zoe! Tired out with bickerings, quarrels, misunderstandings, and the search for happiness which is misery at every turn, she has found the only possible solution at last.

JANE GREY,
Play [illegible] "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?

WELL,—is it?

That is a riddle to be solved individually, although there are some idle people who think they can help you.

Describing Belasco's comedy-farce reminds one of the little boy who differentiated between Father and Mother with the wise remark, "Why, Daddie's Daddie—but Mother's a feeling." Exactly! Its charm lies in the situations; how they fit your case, and how you think they fit your neighbor's. All the married couples laugh and prod each other when things hit home; that is, if they have been fortunate enough to have the wound heal without leaving a scar. The scarred ones look stonily forward and wonder what the others are laughing at. Those in love gaze, unbelieving, and whisper, "It will never be so with us."

In the rural village of Rosedale live many married couples in more or less discontent. Suddenly it is discovered that, owing to a careless magistrate's allowing his clerk to perform most of his duties, many of the marriages are invalid, and as far as the law is concerned,

AS FRANK IN *A Man's World*, MARY MANNERING ATTEMPTS TO DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE MEETS THE IMMOVABLE POST

John and Mary have the freedom for which they have collectively sighed.

The feeling of exhilaration which follows the announcement is much more apparent among the men than among the women,—except in the case of one shocked clergyman, who looks forward to a season of wholesale busi-

ness in marriages, and finds instead that not only does no one come to the parsonage, but his own wife point-blank refuses to keep him as a partner. The men in a body depart to the village Inn, but after a few days of bread-pudding and potato soup, they decide to confer a favor on their spouses by returning to their respective homes. Caresses, open arms, happy tears and general rejoicing is the expected programme, and the men have the surprise of their lives when they meet indignant wives grimly packing suit-cases and reserving rooms at the Inn which their husbands have just quitted. Prayers and pleadings are of no avail; the men are left to guard empty hearths, and in one desperate case, the protesting baby.

"Lord!" says an unregenerate benedict, sitting down heavily as his wife's departing heels click on the front porch, "any man who thinks he can get the best of a woman is a —— fool!" Later, when Mary has returned, and is outlining to her gay John the line of conduct he is expected to follow in future, one of the provisions being that she is to accompany him on his frequent trips to New York, he grunts, "Take you with me? Huh! Three times the expense, and half the fun!" But it takes no very far-sighted prophet to see Mary presently reclining in a cushioned Pullman and being very nice to a respectful husband.

In fact, the women triumph all along the line, and the men come home in various degrees of buttonless humiliation, having found that freedom is without salt, and that real happiness consists in "four feet on the fender."

Is matrimony a failure?

Well—is it?

SALAD VINAIGRETTE

Talent needs three meals a day—only genius can exist on none.

Don't blame nature for spoiling the life of a good woman.

No man's life can be stirred up—be thankful if it looks all right on top.

Lawyers cannot afford the luxuy of of a conscience.

So the ceremonies are all illegal? H'm! Now we shall find out how many unions there are and how many are just keeping house together.

Any man who thinks he can get the best of a woman is an asterisked fool.

Damn! A condensed version of Hamlet's soliloquy.

A MAN'S WORLD.

IF YOU have any doubts that this is a man's world, and that women get the worst of it, Miss Mary Mannering will prove to you that the egg has been for the men and the shell for the women since Adam first saw rosy dawn in Eden.

As Frank Ware, a clever and original literary woman, she pits herself against this age-old principle, and carries her theory of a single standard of morality for the sexes undauntedly to its conclusion—but what does she gain? Only a triumphant theory, and a lost love. And after all, theories are but a poor fire at which to warm an empty heart. One wonders if it was worth while.

Everyone in the old-fashioned boarding-house loves Frank Ware, and the little lad whom she has adopted after his betrayed and deserted mother died in her house in Paris,—everyone including Malcolm Gaskell, who, clever, fascinating, possessed of all a woman hopes and looks for in a man, seems just the mate for her.

She has always been afraid of love, and held it at arm's length, but when Gaskell woos her, she yields at last, and for half-an-hour is happy with her dream. Half-an-hour only, for then the awakening begins. Leone, who has always been jealous of her, has sown suspicion among the others, and suggested a resemblance between Frank Ware and her adopted boy; and Gaskell, before he can call her his own, must know that she is not the lad's mother.

"And if I were?" she says, facing him. "If I were?" Then she turns and tells him she is not, and he says, "Thank God!" with all a man's noble splendor.

Then Leone stormily flings in Frank's face that the boy's resemblance is not to her, but to Gaskell, and

LOUISE WOODS WHO BRINGS A FROLICSOME BENEDICT TO REASON IN *Is Matrimony a Failure?*

one look at her lover's face tells her the truth. That he did not know of the boy's existence, that the girl had never expected him to marry her, that he had merely played the game as a man always does, moves Frank not one whit.

"Why thrust your happiness from you because of something that is past?" pleads Gaskell. "Why beat your head against a stone wall that always has been and always will be? I was living a man's life—this is a man's world."

"Yes—and just so long as we women forgive, there will be deserted women who pay, and men—who go free! No! This is the end."

And it was. She stuck to it, and the curtain went uncompromisingly down. Everybody rustled into their wraps, and the two men in the next row looked at each other. The fatter one laughed:

"Hm!" said he. "If he'd 'a' stuck to 'er long enough, he'd 'a' got 'er, anyhow."

SASKATOON

BY CY WARMAN

THERE'S a town that's coming strong
Saskatoon,
And it's coming right along—
Coming soon;
There, the summer winds are low,
Where the summer roses blow;
You can stand and see it grow—
Saskatoon.

In a valley, O, so fair,
Saskatoon,
(See the railways will be there,
Very soon);
Sunny skies and fields of gold,
Land you'd like to have and hold,
Place to have your fortune told,
Saskatoon.

Pearl, then, of a Promised Land,
Saskatoon,
Shimmering, Chinook-wind-formed,
Saskatoon;
Fairest land from sea to sea,
Land of opportunity
"One best bet," take that from me,
Saskatoon.

THEN AS NOW

JONAH went home and explained to his wife the reason for his prolonged absence.

"That sounds too fishy for me," observed the good woman, reaching for the rolling pin.

OF COURSE NOT

"HAH!" sneers the petulant husband. "The way women dress nowadays is the limit of absurdity. Look at the figures they present—utterly out of all similitude to the human form. I tell you, you couldn't get the Venus de Milo into modern corsets and—and—things."

"I should say you couldn't," agrees the long-suffering wife. "The poor thing is made of marble."

A HURRY ORDER

"THE government requires immediately an air ship capable of conveying a large body of men," says the English cabinet officer, entering the office of the inventor.

"Ah! You want a war machine? Is it a secret order?" asks the inventor.

"It must be a dead secret, but it is not a war machine. We've got to have some means of enabling parliament to escape the suffragettes."

JUDGMENT DAY

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

YES, you are very debonair,
You walk forth with a languid scan,
The neatly tailored clothes you wear
Proclaim you as a Gibson man.

And ladies favor you with smiles
And get your photographs to boot—
But wait until the sea beguiles;
Wait till you don a bathing suit.